

NO. 43

PEEP



The SHIELD

OCT.

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

10¢



Gene Brown

APPLAUD

JUGHEAD!
C'MON OVER
HERE, QUICK!
IT'S A MATTER
OF LIFE OR
DEATH!

RELAX,
ARCHIE,
R-E-L-A-X!
I'M HERE!





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 21

HFYA, GANG!

Boy, I asked for quick action on our new Pen Pal Code Club and I sure got it. Dusty and I have been working like horses going through all the letters that have poured in. Right now, we're still working at it. So, much as I hate to do it, I'll have to wait until our next get-together to give you more complete results.

Before I sign off, I've got a letter here that isn't really official G-Man business, but it's such a swell letter, such a swell thought and such a patriotic gesture that I'm making it official Shield G-Man business and I think you'll agree with me when I tell you what it's about. It's from one of our members, Tony Marudis, of Brooklyn, New York, who just was left \$10,000 by his late grandfather, and what do you think Tommy is doing with his money? Half of it is going into war bonds and the other half to the Red Cross. Congratulations, Tommy! Your grandfather would be mighty proud of you if he could know what you're doing. But no prouder than we are, every last member of the Shield G-Man Club. Keep punching, Tommy!

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins
(The Shield)

Here are some of our latest honorary Shield G-Man members:

KENNY WRIGHT
P. O. Box 276
Upland, Ind.

JOANNE FRIEDLIN
147 Grandview
Pitman, B. H.

RAYMOND WOODKA
R.F.D. No. 1
Yantie, Conn.

RUFUS H. W. KOPP
R. D. No. 3
Spring Grove, Pa.

VICTOR RODRIGUEZ
647 E. 138th Street
Bronx, N. Y.

JOHN PUGLISI
149 Chestnut Street
Red Bank, N. J.

DONALD GRIDER
909 Edison Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

JACK KLINE
216 N. James Street
Waukesha, Wis.

FRANK DUNN
Gumberry, N. C.

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Invitation TO MURDER

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY the BOY DETECTIVE

JOE HIGGINS
HERE'S A
GUY, WHO
DOESN'T KNOW
THE MEANING
OF THE WORD
"QUIT"



YEAR BOOK - CLASS OF '36

Dear Joe!
We're looking forward
to having you with us
at our annual get-together
at the Hotel Plaza. I'm sure
B. I. can spare you for your
college classmates for one
evening. Don't disappoint
your fellow classmates.
Sid Ross

"BIFF" COOK
CLASS CLOWN,
OUR NOMINATION
FOR THE GUY
MOST LIKELY TO
BE MURDERED!
BIFF AND HIS
PRACTICAL JOKES.
PHOOEY!!



SID ROSS
THE CLASS ATHLETE!
SID'S A WONDER AT
EVERYTHING HE
TRIES--A NATURAL
BORN WINNER!
AND THE GUY IS
SO PUNCTUAL YOU
CAN SET YOUR WATCH
BY HIM!



BILL PIERCE
THE PERFECT PAL!
BILL IS SECOND
BEST TO SID IN
EVERYTHING,
BUT LOYALTY!
HE'S SID'S CLOS-
EST RIVAL AND
BEST FRIEND!



CLARENCE GRANT
MOST LIKELY TO
SUCCEED TO
"BOOKWORK" GRANT
KNOWS ALL THE
ANSWERS! IN FACT
WE THINK HE WROTE
THE QUESTIONS!



WELL I'LL BE! HEY, DUSTY,
LOOK WHAT JUST CAME
IN THE MAILED!



DEAR CLASSMATE!
OUR ANNUAL CLASS
REUNION WILL BE HELD
AT THE GROSVENBUR
HOTEL --
AT EIGHT P.M.
8 13 41 1976 124

Joe Higgins
24 40 21 ST.
NY 6 542

THIS IS ONE YEAR I'M
GONNA BE THERE!
GOSH-- I WONDER IF
THE OLD GANG
STILL LOOKS
THE SAME!



"BIFF" COOK! BOY, THERE'S
A GUY WHO GOT UNDER
EVERYBODY'S SKIN!
RICH, CONCEITED AND
LOVED A JOKE--AS
LONG AS IT WAS ON
SOMEBODY ELSE!
WONDER IF HE
CHANGED ANY?



SID ROSS



BOY! I WONDER IF
THOSE TWO ARE STILL
THE SAME CLOSE SUD-
DIES! THEY WERE IN-
SEPARABLE IN THOSE
DAYS EVEN THOUGH
THEY WERE RIVALS
IN ALMOST EVERY-
THING! SID ALWAYS
SEEMED TO HAVE
THE EDGE ON
BILL THOUGH!
WOTTA TEAM!

BILL PIERCE



CLARENCE GRANT! "BOOKWORM" GRANT WE
USED TO CALL HIM! BOY IF EVER A GUY WAS
DETERMINED TO MAKE A CAREER FOR
HIMSELF, HE WAS IT!



GRANT
SUCCEED!

WELL, IF YOU'RE GOIN'
TO THE SHINDIG YOU
BETTER HUSTLE! THE
INVITE SAYS IT'S FOR
TONIGHT!

YEAH...WONDER
HOW IT'LL FEEL
TO SEE THE OLD
GANG?



LATER-- WELL, IF IT ISN'T, JOE HIGGINS! GOOD TO SEE YOU OLD MAN! HEAR YOU'RE IN THE F.B.I. NOW!

CLASS OF '36

SID ROSS, AND BILL PIERCE! YOU OLD DOGS STILL TOGETHER, EH? TIME HASN'T BROKEN UP THE OLD TEAM!

NO--BUT A GIRL WILL! CLARK'S DUE TO BE MARRIED SOON!

THAT REMINDS ME, I'M SUPPOSED TO CALL ELLA AT 9:30 SHARP!

MEANWHILE---

HAW, HAW! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

HA-HA! LOOKIT 'BOOKWORM' GRANT JUMP!

Oooooo!!!

'BIFF' COOK! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN IT WAS YOU! YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED ANY!

WELL, WHADDA YOU KNOW, BOOKIE CAN'T EVEN TAKE A JOKE!

AND SPEAKIN' OF JOKE, WHADDA YA THINK THE GUY MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED IS DOIN' THESE DAYS ---

DIGGIN' DITCHES! AIN'T THAT A RIOT?

BIFF, PLEASE DON'T--

I DON'T THINK THAT'S SO FUNNY, BIFF!

Oooo--



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THAT SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS YOU HEEL!

LEMME AT THAT HIGGINS! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!

BIFF WAS ONLY CLOWNING, JOE!

MAYBE SO--BUT IF HE MADE FUN OF ME THE WAY HE DID CLARENCE, I'D HAVE KILLED HIM!

COME ON, JOE, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANYTHING OF THE KIND, AND YOU KNOW IT!

LATER THAT EVENING--

AS JOE OPENS THE PHONE BOOTH DOOR--

GOSH! IT'S 9:30 AND I PROMISED TO CALL DUSTY AT 9 O'CLOCK! I'D BETTER CALL HIM NOW!

WHAT IN...

IT'S "BIFF" COOK! DEAD WITH A KNIFE THRU HIS HEART!

THIS KNIFE MAY HAVE FINGER-PRINTS ON IT!



CLARK SCOTT COMES UPON THE SCENE!

WHAT'S GOING ON? HOLY MACKEREL!

MY GOD, JOE! HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?

WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING? DO YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?



THOSE FOOLS THINK I KILLED HIM! NOW I'M IN A SPOT! IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND THE REAL KILLER!

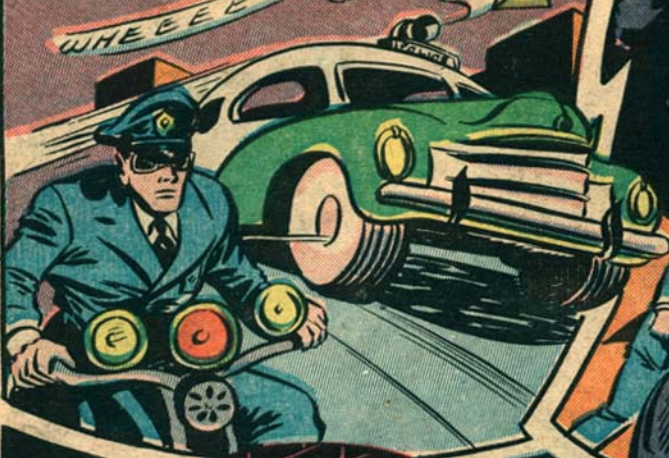
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? FIRST YOU FOUGHT WITH HIM THEN YOU REMARKED SOMETHING ABOUT KILLING HIM-- AND NOW WE FIND HIM DEAD WITH YOU STANDING OVER HIM --- KNIFE IN HAND!

CALL FOR THE POLICE!

SORRY, BOYS! BUT THIS PARTY'S OVER FOR ME!



THE CALL GOES OUT AND THE POLICE START A DRAGNET---



WHEEEEE



THERE HE GOES!



BOY, THAT WAS CLOSE!

PING

PING



WE'VE GOT HIM NOW! HE'S IN THAT ALLEY! YOU RUSH HIM FROM THE OPPOSITE END, DAVE! I'LL GET HIM ON THIS SIDE!



GOTCHA! UMPH--

GOTCHA! UNNKK--

CLUNK

WOW! THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH POLICE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN GET OUT OF HERE!

AND THIS IS IT!

THERE HE IS-- WAIT-- IT'S THE SHIELD!

SHIELD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH! I HEARD THE SIRENS AND DECIDED TO JOIN THE CHASE! BUT I THINK YOUR MEN ALREADY HAVE THE FUGITIVE CORNERED IN THERE!

MEANWHILE---



C'MON CASEY! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A HAND!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CAPTAIN!

FLASH-- THE POLICE ARE STILL HUNTING JOE HIGGINS, F.B.I. AGENT, FOR THE MURDER OF 'BIFF' COOK!

WHAT! JOE BEING HUNTED FOR MURDER!

THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT, DUSTY!

SHIELD! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? ARE THE COPS NUTS?



BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN OUT THAT WAY! IT MAKES THE CASE AGAINST YOU EVEN WORSE!

I KNOW! BUT I HAD TO HAVE A FREE HAND TO TRY AND CATCH THE MURDERER!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BIFF'S MURDER THAT'S PECULIAR... SOMETHING I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT!

WHADDA YOU MEAN! EVERYBODY HATED THE GUY! WHAT'S SO QUEER ABOUT HIS GETTING THE BUSHNESS!



BECAUSE THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A PREPARED JOB! YET HOW COULD THE MURDERER KNOW THAT BIFF WAS GOING TO BE IN THAT PHONE BOOTH!

I'M POSITIVE THERE'S ANOTHER ANGLE TO THIS! IF ONLY I---

BY GEORGE! I'VE GOT IT, DUSTY! HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE!

SID ROSS THE CLASS ATHLETE

SID'S A WONDER AT EVERYTHING HE TRIES! A NATURAL BORN WINNER! AND THE GUY IS SO PUNCTUAL, YOU CAN SET YOUR WATCH BY HIM!



C'MON, DUSTY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

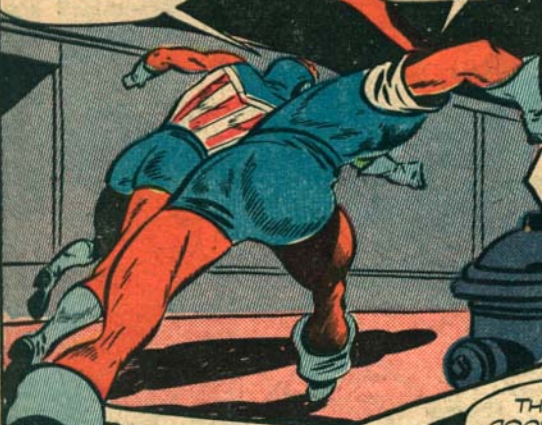
BUT--BUT-- WHA--WHO--



WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN ON SID ROSS!

YOU MEAN YOU FIGURE HE'S THE MURDERER, SHIELD?

I'LL ANSWER THAT QUESTION SOON ENOUGH I HOPE-- IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT!



A SHOT!...AND IT'S FROM SID'S HOUSE! I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK AFTER ALL, DUSTY!

THERE'S BIFF COOK'S MURDERER!

HE'S SHOT SOMEONE ELSE! I'LL SEE WHO! YOU CAN HANDLE HIM ALONE, SHIELD!



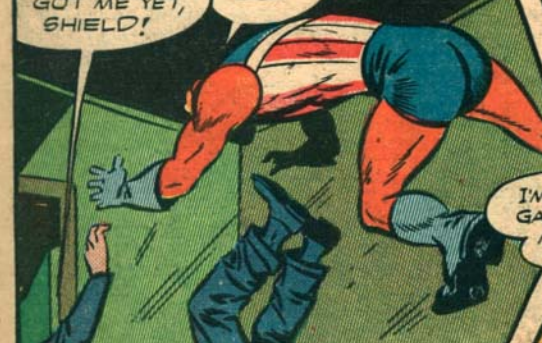
YOU BET I CAN!

OOMP!

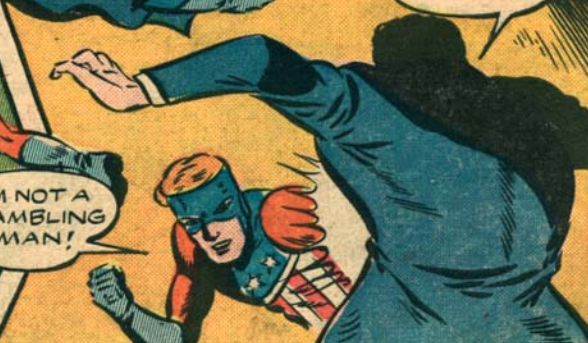
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, SHIELD!

UGH!

UNNNK!



I'M NOT A GAMBLING MAN!





--- BUT I'LL TAKE A BET ON THAT!

IT'S SID ROSS WHO WAS ALMOST THE VICTIM THIS TIME, SHIELD! BUT WHO IS THE MURDERER, THEN?

YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!



BILL PIERCE MY BEST FRIEND! BUT-- BUT WHY DID HE KILL BIFF?

BE- CAUSE HE MIS- TOOK BIFF FOR YOU, SID! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN IN THAT BOOTH AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT!

YES, BLAST YOU SID! I'VE HATED YOU SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS! YOU BEAT ME OUT AT EVERYTHING-- AND I WAS FORCED TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND ACT NOBLE!



BUT WHEN YOU WON ELLA FROM ME TOO, IT WAS THE LAST STRAW! WHEN I FAILED TO KILL YOU AT THE RE-UNION I TRIED AGAIN FIGURING JOE HIGGINS WOULD BE BLAMED FOR THIS TOO!

LATER, BACK AT THE SHIELD'S APARTMENT!

BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE OUT THE MURDERER, SHIELD?

I DIDN'T DUSTY! I SIMPLY FIG- URED THE INTENDED VICTIM!

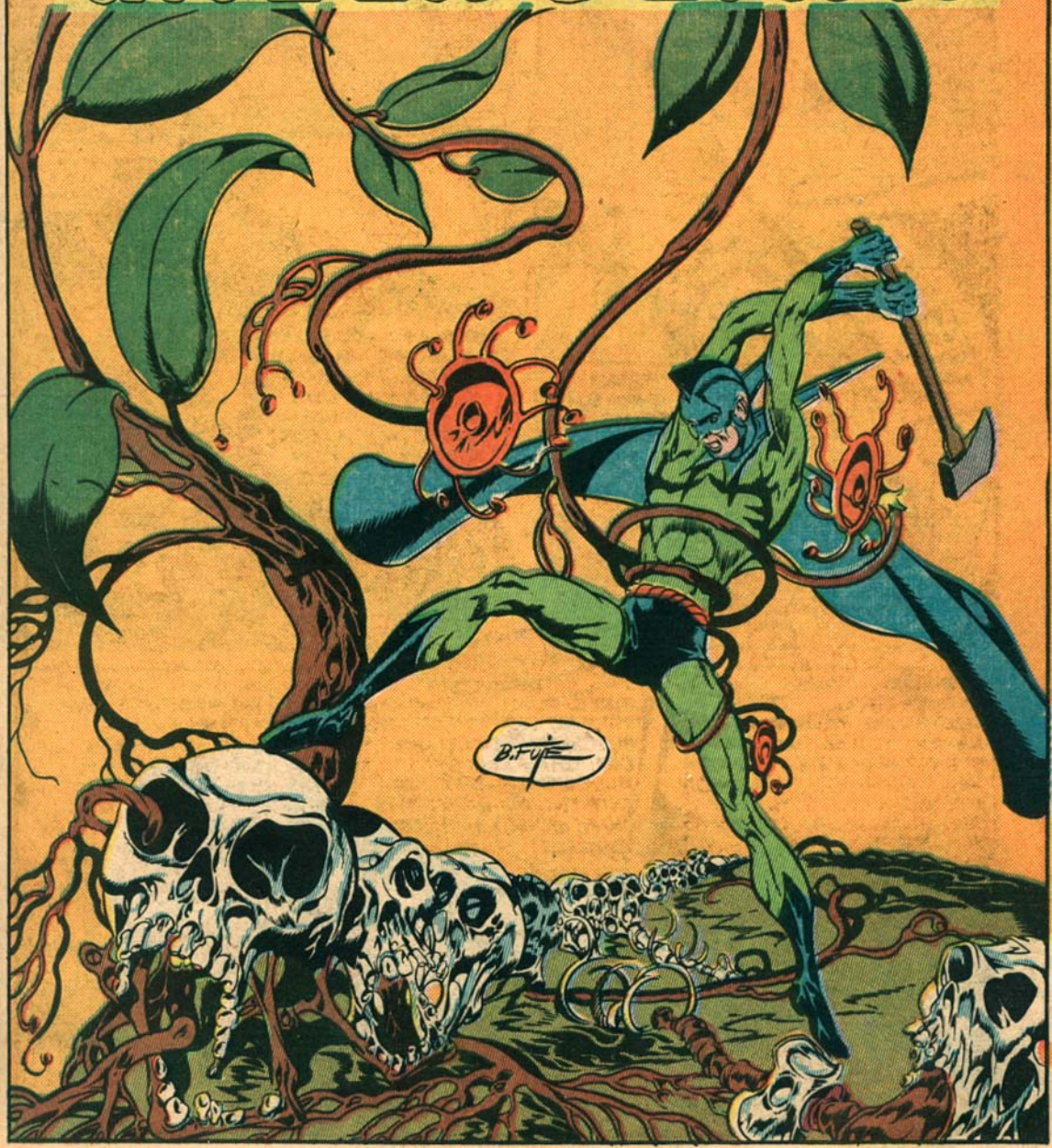
THAT CLASS BOOK BLURB GAVE ME THE ANSWER! SID HAD A REPUTATION FOR PROMPTNESS! AND EVERYBODY KNEW HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL HIS FIANCEE AT 9:30! SO I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND THE ANSWER TURNED OUT TO BE THE "CHAIR" FOR BILL PIERCE!



The HANGMAN

in

GREEN DEATH



IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF REPORTER THELMA GORDON--

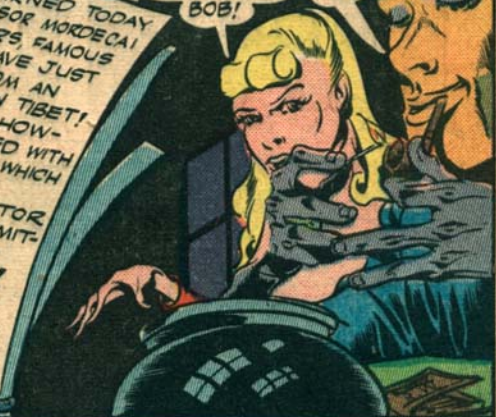
HMM--HERE'S AN INTERESTING ITEM ON THE GALLEY SHEETS OF OUR MORNING EDITION, BOB!



IT WAS LEARNED TODAY THAT PROFESSOR MORDECAI AND DR. PETERS, FAMOUS BOTANISTS, HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM AN EXPLORATION IN TIBET! DR. PETERS, HOWEVER, AFFLICTED WITH SOME DISEASE WHICH AFFECTED HIS MIND THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN COMMITTED TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!

HMM--INSANE ASYLUM, EH! MIGHT BE A STORY THERE BOB!

OH, OH! OKAY LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF DR. MORDECAI--

FATHER, THAT HORRIBLE PLANT YOU BROUGHT BACK WITH YOU, PLEASE GET RID OF IT! I BEG OF YOU!

NO, FRANK, I'M DETERMINED TO MAKE IT BLOOM!



BUT LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO DR. PETERS! THAT PLANT'S UNHOLY AND EVIL, I TELL YOU!

I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS! ...SHH... FOOTSTEPS... SOMEONES COMING!



I BELIEVE IN THE CURSE THAT HOVERS OVER THAT PLANT AND I'LL DESTROY IT YET-- OR IT'LL DESTROY ME!



PLEASE DON'T MIND MY SON, HE'S SLIGHTLY UPSET! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'M A REPORTER, DR. MORDECAI, AND ---



--AND YOU'D LIKE A STORY, EH! WELL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SUPERB PLANT I BROUGHT BACK WITH ME FROM MY EXPEDITION!



I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY YOUNG LADY! A STORY YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUBLISH BECAUSE IT'S SO **FANTASTIC!** YOU HEARD MY SON RANT ABOUT THIS PLANT, WELL HE HAS GOOD REASON!



"YOU SEE, PROF. PETERS AND I HAD HEARD OF THIS RARE PLANT WHICH FLOWERED ONLY IN TIBET! PETERS TRIED HARD TO DIS-SUADE ME FROM GOING TO SEE IT--



"BECAUSE IT'S SACRED TO THE NATIVES, BUT I WAS DETERMINED! SO THAT NIGHT WE SNEAKED INTO THE TEMPLE

IT.. IT'S BEAUTIFUL PETERS!



AND DANGEROUS!

PETERS, I'M GOING TO CUT A BRANCH OFF FOR OUR COLLECTION!

YOU'RE MAD! I WON'T LET YOU! IT WILL BRING NOTHING BUT EVIL!

NEVERTHELESS, I WAS DETERMINED!



NO ONE AROUND! GOOD!

PETERS IS A SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! AH.. IT'S COMING NOW!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS SAP SPURTING FROM IT! IT LOOKS AND FEELS JUST LIKE BLOOD!



FOR A MOMENT I WAS FRIGHTENED BY A CURIOUS PREMONITION OF EVIL! I WAS TEMPTED TO LEAVE THE BRANCH THERE, BUT I DECIDED AGAINST IT!

MORDECAI! THOSE STAINS ON YOUR CLOTHING! YOU CUT A BRANCH OFF AFTER ALL!

DON'T YOU REALIZE THE SACRILEGE YOU'VE COMMITTED AGAINST THE NATIVES! THEY'LL KILL US FOR THIS!

NOT IF WE LEAVE AT ONCE!

CERTAINLY! WHY NOT?



OUR DEPARTURE WAS NONE TOO SOON!

--AND AS WE SPED AWAY THE NATIVE CHIEF MOUTHED A HORRIBLE CURSE AFTER US!

--AND THAT CURSE WAS THAT THE PLANT WOULD DESTROY US AND OUR FAMILIES! OUR EXPERIENCE SEEMED TO HAVE AFFECTED PETERS' MIND, POOR CHAP!



BUT YOU SAY YOU BROUGHT BACK ONLY A BRANCH!

AND YOU'RE PUZZLED AT SEEING A TOWERING PLANT, EH?

I KNOW IT'S QUEER, BUT THAT THING ACTUALLY GREW JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL PLANT--EXCEPT THAT THE BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS ARE MISSING!

AND THERE'S YOUR STORY!

WHEW! SOME STORY IT IS, TOO! WELL, BYE, DR. MORDECAI!



SOME NIGHTS LATER----

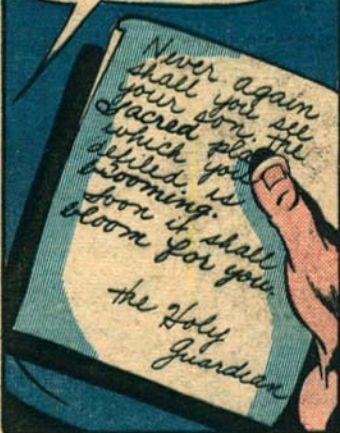
BOB! THIS IS THE! DR. MORDECAI CALLED AND WANTS ME RIGHT OVER! SOUNDED DEATHLY SCARED! OK, I'LL MEET YOU THERE!



AH--THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME! I--I'M AT MY WITS' END! I COULDN'T APPEAL TO THE POLICE, THEY'D LAUGH AT MY SUSPICIONS AND YET I ACTUALLY THINK THE CURSE IS WORKING!



HERE! READ THIS NOTE I FOUND ON MY TABLE A WHILE AGO!



Never again shall you see your son, the Sacred plant which you sowed, is blooming. Soon it shall bloom for you.
the Holy Guardian

YOU SEE, I FAILED TO MENTION THAT THE CURSE SAID THAT EVERY TIME THE PLANT WOULD WREAK VENGEANCE, IT WOULD SPROUT BLOSSOMS!



LOOK! BLOSSOMS! AND MY SON IS GONE!

GOOD LORD! WHAT GHASTLY-LOOKING BLOSSOMS! THEY'RE BLOOD RED!



SAY, WHERE IS YOUR COLLEAGUE, PROF. PETERS!

AT THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM! BUT YOU DON'T THINK---

I DON'T THINK ANYTHING! WELL GOOD BYE DR. MORDECAI!



THE HANG-MAN'S GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH PETERS, SANE OR INSANE!

BOB, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?



WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER PETERS IS REALLY INSANE--OR PLAYING POSSUM!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED NURSE! I MUST SEE PROF. PETERS! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!



LEAVE ME ALONE I'M MAD! MAD! LEAVE ME ALONE!



PROF. PETERS PLEASE LISTEN AND TRY TO UNDERSTAND!

THE PLANT! I MUST KNOW THE SECRET OF THE PLANT!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, YOU'RE THE HANGMAN... THE PLANT! YES, I REMEMBER! I'LL TELL YOU ITS HORRIBLE SECRET---



THE SECRET THAT DROVE ME MAD! LISTEN, HANGMAN! LISTEN CLOSELY!



AT THAT MOMENT, AT DR. MORDECAI'S HOME--

I TELL YOU DR. MORDECAI, I KNOW THE SECRET OF THE PLANT'S CURSE! I CAN HELP YOU!



NEVER MIND WHO I AM OR HOW I KNOW! I KNOW! THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR YOU! I EVEN KNOW IT'S ALREADY CLAIMED YOUR SON!



ALL RIGHT, SIR--I--I BELIEVE YOU! HERE'S THE ACCURSED PLANT! RID ME OF ITS HORRIBLE VENGEANCE AND I'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU!



NOW YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE! HERE, HOLD THIS BRANCH WHILE I CUT IT!

VERY WELL-- OOOO-- YOU STUCK ME!

HOW CLUMSY OF ME! STAY RIGHT HERE WHILE I GO GET YOU A BANDAGE!

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THAT ORIENTAL CHAP SO LONG-- WHAT'S THIS! THE BRANCHES SEEM TO BE MOVING!

GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE CLOSING AROUND ME! I--I CAN'T GET OUT!

HELP! HELP!

I--CAN'T BREATHE! HELP--HEL--OOO...

GOODBYE, OR, MORDECAI! AT LAST MY TRIBE IS AVENGED! HOW STUPID OF YOU TO FALL FOR MY RUSE!

I'LL TELL YOU WHY THE PLANT BLOSSOMED! IT WAS FED HUMAN FLESH... YOUR SONS!



--AND NOW IT SHALL BLOSSOM AGAIN---
WHA...

IF YOU'VE NEVER MET ME BEFORE, I'M CALLED **THE HANGMAN!** IN THIS CASE **YOUR HANGMAN!**

I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE!
YOU SHALL NOT ROB ME OF MY VENGEANCE!



NOW TO FREE DR. MORDECAI-- IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE!



ONE MORE STROKE...
AND THIS BRANCH'LL COME OFF!

THAT DOES IT!





---AND I'VE GOT HIM!



HELP! THE PLANTS GOT ME!

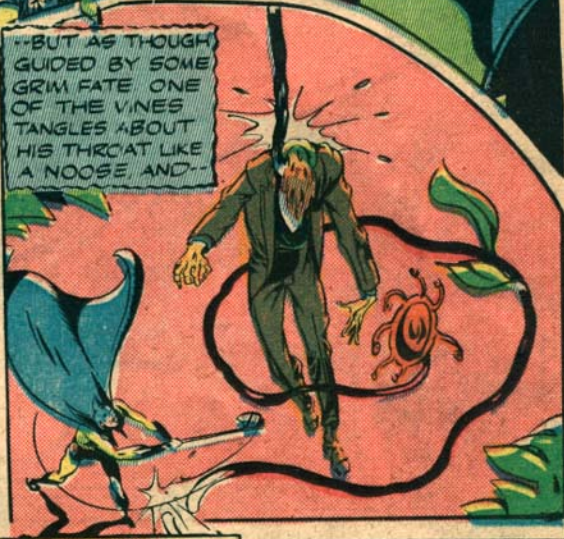
SAVE ME! SAVE ME!

YES! I'LL SAVE YOU-- FOR THE HANGMAN!

SGURMING LIKE MAD THE ORIENTAL SUCCEEDS IN PARTIALLY FREEING HIMSELF FROM THE PLANT'S DEATH---



--BUT AS THOUGH GUIDED BY SOME GRIM FATE, ONE OF THE VINES TANGLES ABOUT HIS THROAT LIKE A NOOSE, AND--



TOO LATE, DR. MORDECA! HE'S DEAD! HANGED BY THE NECK!



LATER THAT EVENING--

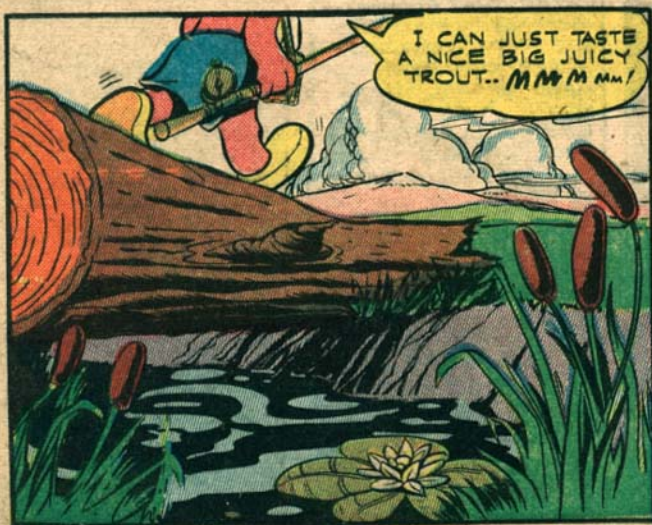
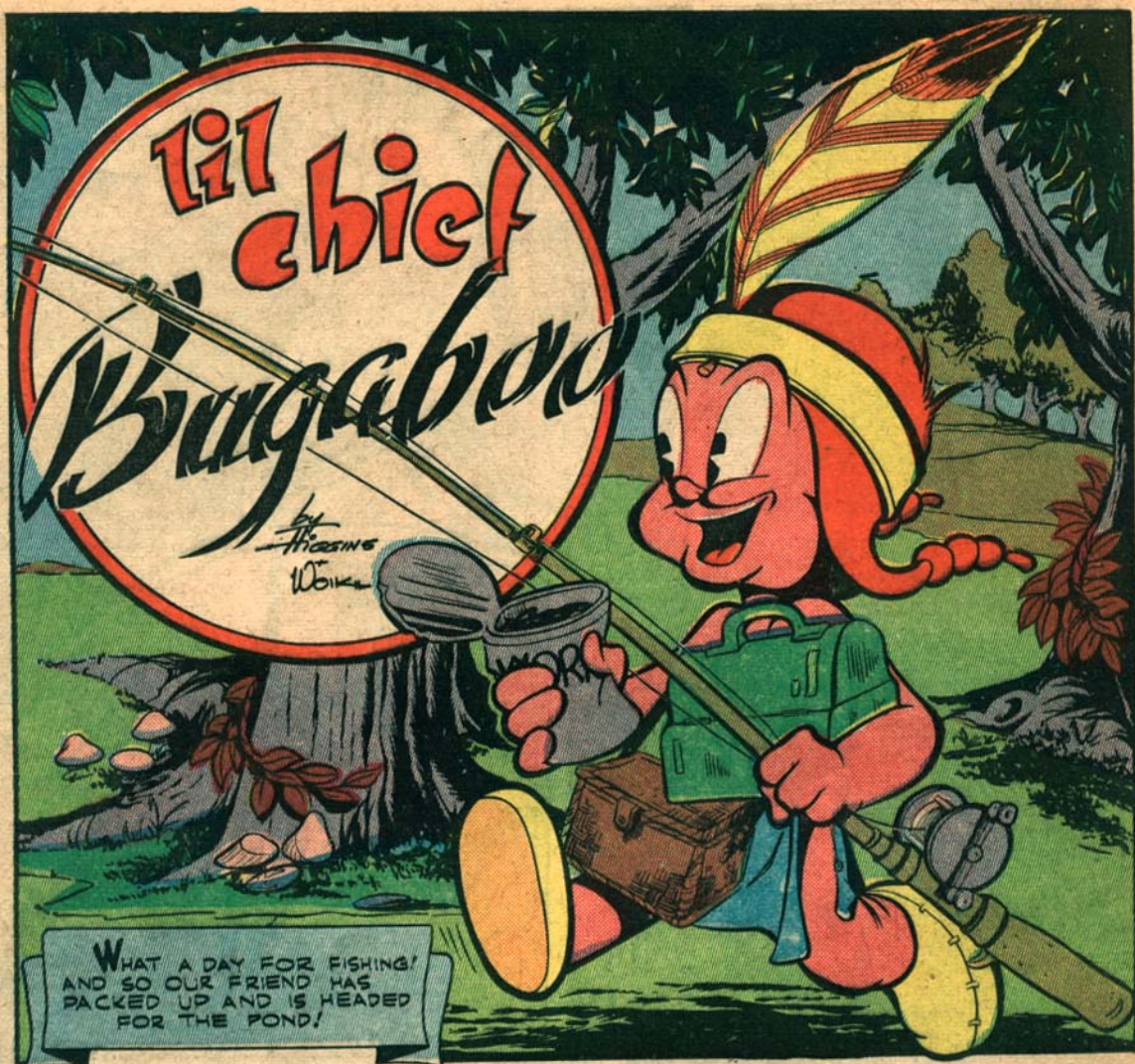
BOB, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? MY STORY--

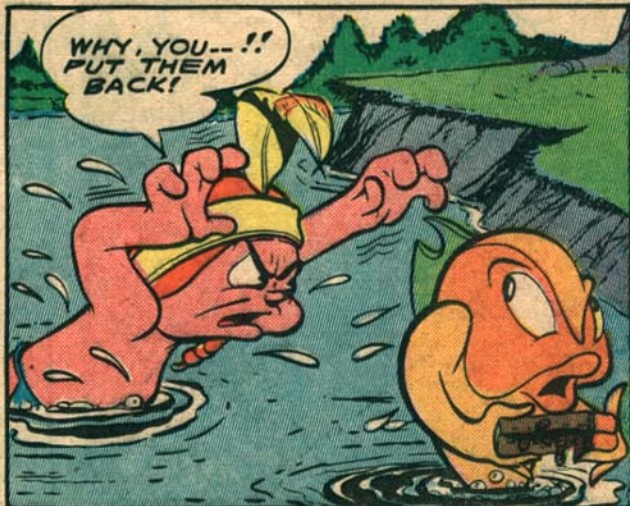
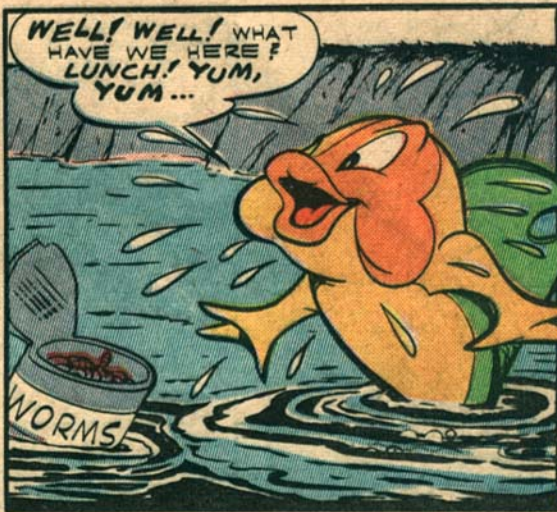
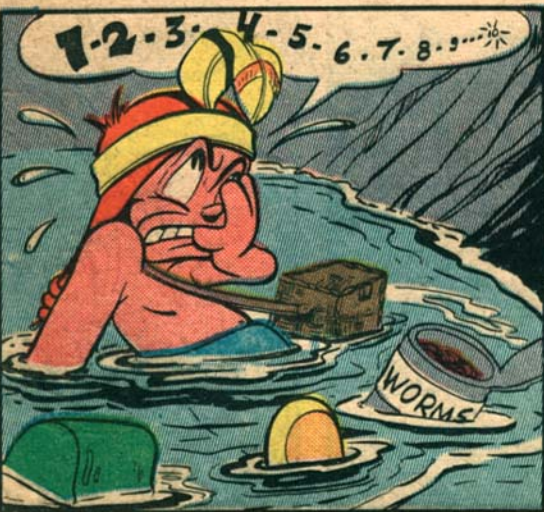
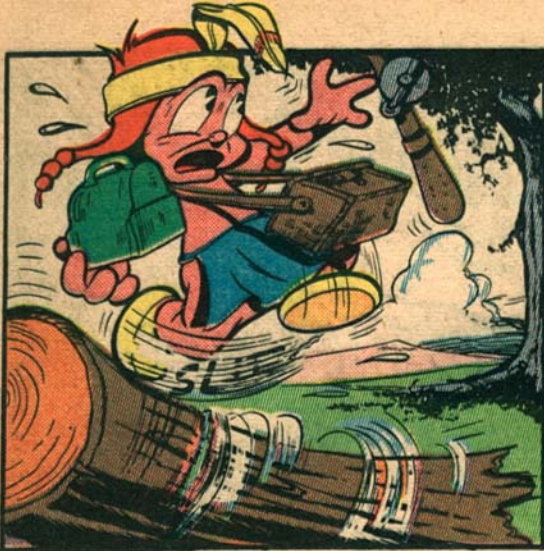
YOU CAN FORGET YOUR STORY, THEL! THERE ISN'T ANY!-- LEASTWISE NOT FOR PUBLICATION!

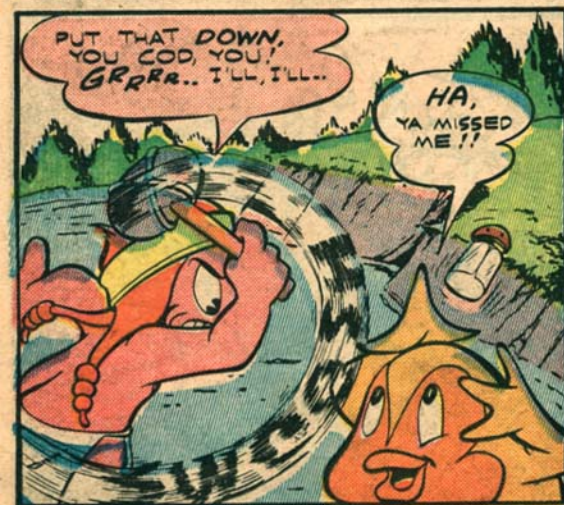
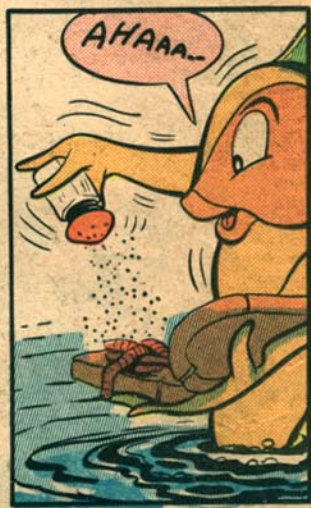
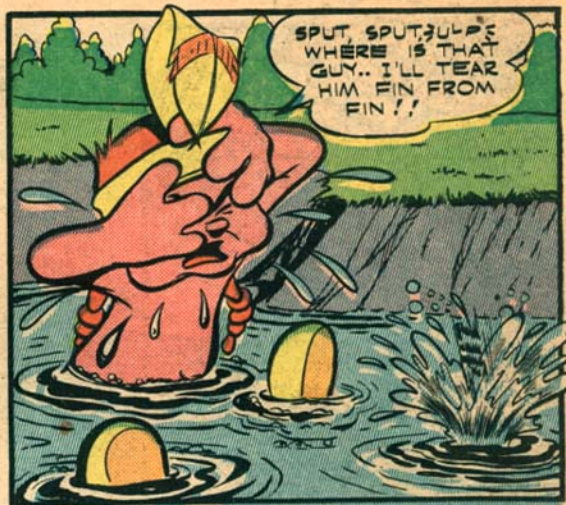


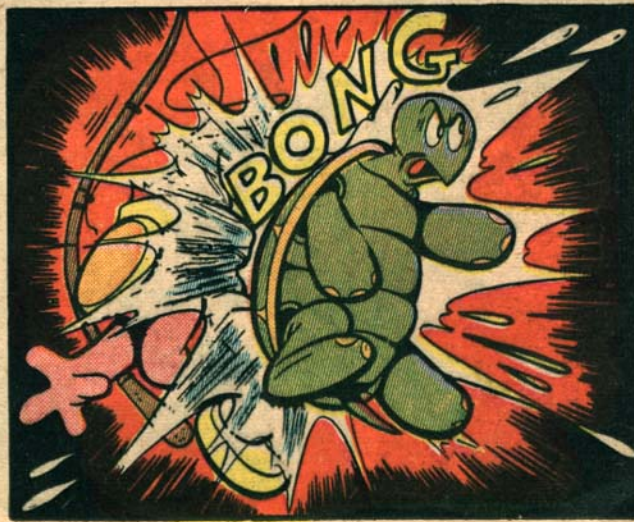
DON'T FORGET, GANG! THERE ARE TWO MUSTS IN YOUR VOCABULARY! YOU MUST BUY **PEP COMICS** IF YOU WANT THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES! AND YOU MUST BUY **WAR BONDS AND STAMPS** IF YOU WANT THE BEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO STAY THE BEST!

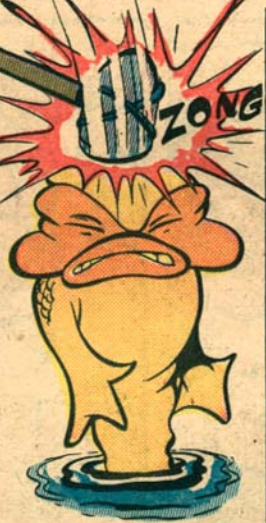
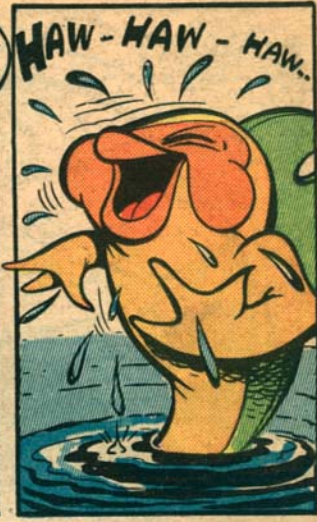
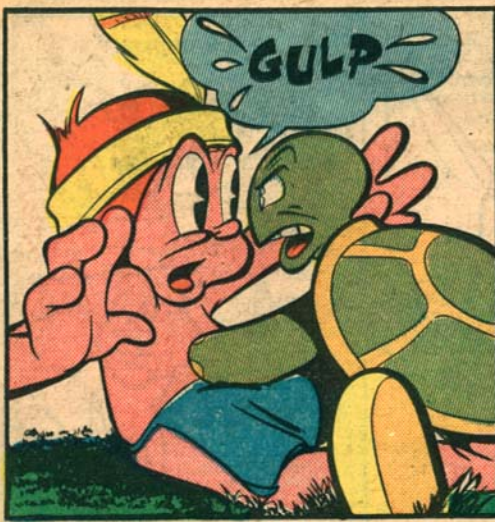
The HANGMAN...



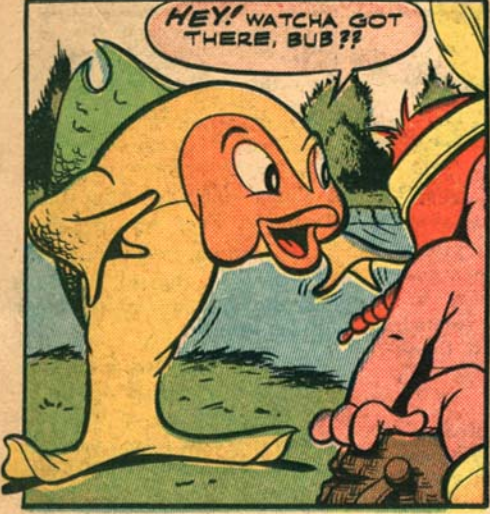




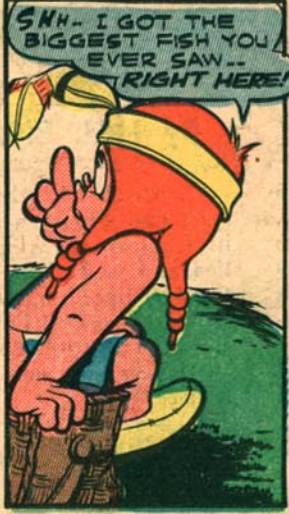




HEY! WATCHA GOT THERE, BUB??



SHH - I GOT THE BIGGEST FISH YOU EVER SAW... RIGHT HERE!



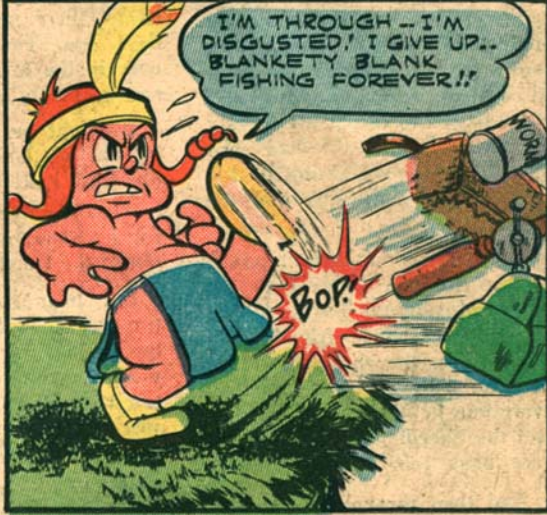
WHAT THE... HOW THE??



SO LONG SUCKER!



I'M THROUGH - I'M DISGUSTED! I GIVE UP.. BLANKETY BLANK FISHING FOREVER!!



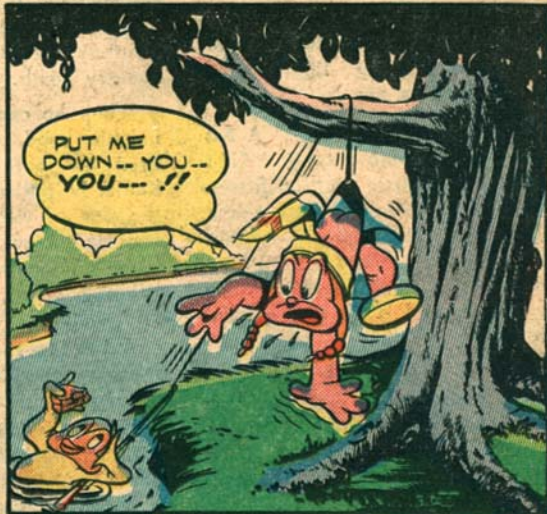
© x!!?☆!
--- FISH!



HEY!



PUT ME DOWN -- YOU -- YOU -- !!



WISE GUY

By HAL SHALLET

AL DODGER twirled his glass of beer, and smiled inwardly. This town was sure a sweet little hide-out. None of the fool hicks suspected he was wanted in seven states for various criminal activities. He wondered what they would say if they knew he had pulled off that bank job three hundred miles away.

Someone stopped by Al's table saying, "Howdy, Mr. Dodger," and Al looked up with a little start to recognize Silas Jones. He had met this hay-seed a couple of times in the little grocery store across the street from the hotel. Al Dodger smiled, nodded, and Jones passed to the booth directly in back of him. Al had seen Sheriff Lem Brown sitting in that booth as he had come into the Hotel Bar.

And Al couldn't help himself, he had to grin wide. Why the bunch of suckers. To think that he had even made friends with Lem Brown the sheriff. It made him want to bust out laughing everytime he thought of how he and the Sheriff had discussed the very bank job Al had pulled!

And then through his amused thoughts, he heard the murmur of voices in the booth behind him. He leaned back, listened, and heard Silas Jones' high-pitched voice raised in anger.

"I'll do no such thing!" A fist thumped down on a table. "Ain't talked to a Martin nigh on fifteen years. Ain't no good yore askin' me to put up m'money in that there Martin Bank. I ain't aimin' to put it in no bank. Ain't done it before, and don't aim startin' to now."

"But Si, it ain't safe what yore doin'. You live in that lonesome ole house, miles away from any livin' soul. Ain't you worried that some thief'll up and hepp himself to all you got?"

"Now you looky here, Lem, I don't want t'hear no more about it! I got myself as much protection as I need! I got me a contraption rigged up is sure fire against all comers! I ain't sceered, and ain't worried. So I'll thank ye to keep yore nose outta mah business!"

During all this Al Dodger's eyes developed a glitter. His sexless mouth slid into a grim half-smile. He knew exactly where Silas Jones lived, for he had passed by there not more than two days ago. The house was way over in the hills, a secluded, deserted, lonely area.

It might be worth while finding out just how much money the old bird had!

Al slid out of his booth, paid for his beer, and slowly walked out of the Hotel Bar.

So! Silas Jones had a "contraption" had he! Sure-fire protection against all comers! Not only did Silas Jones' money interest Al Dodger, but to find out just exactly what that contraption was aroused his curiosity. too.

He walked around to the Hotel Garage, and took out his car. It was early evening, and Al drove leisurely over the fast darkening country roads.

When he came to Silas Jones' neighborhood, about three hundred or more yards from the house, he pulled the car up along the side of the road, parked the car. He got out, went to the door, lifted it. Then he sat down on the running board, fired a cigarette and waited.

A job like this didn't even take much planning. It was as simple as casing a joint. Simpler.

In no time at all he spotted a blitz of light through the trees, which told him a car was coming toward him. Presently the labour-

ed chuga chuga of Silas Jones' dilapidated Ford was audible.

Al sprang up, took up a wrench and flashlight, buried his head under the hood, and noisily began to tinker around.

As he had expected, Silas Jones stopped the car just abreast of him. Al looked up as if he had been unaware of Jones' approach, and put a startled expression on his face.

"Why . . . Oh, hello! It's you, Mr. Jones."

Silas squinted down at him. "Now what in tarnation you doin' out here, Mr. Dodger?"

Al chuckled disarmingly. "Motor trouble. My car stalled. Guess I must have taken the wrong road, or something. No quite used to these country roads. Thought I'd take a little drive." He thumbed back to his car. "Tha danged thing simply won't budge any more!"

"I say, have you a phone in your house? I'd like to call up the garage in town and have them send me a tow car."

"Why sure." Jones leaned over and opened the door. "Hop in. You're welcome to use m'phone."

Al climbed in, and the car slid forward, then chugged merrily on its way to the Jones' house. Jones chatted amiably all the way there.

They stopped in front of the big house. Al got out and followed Silas Jones up the wooden front porch steps. Their footfalls vibrated hollowly over the board porch.

And then to Al's amazement Silas did an unusual thing.

In front of the door, he took out a key, and placed it in the lock. After the door was unlocked he opened it slowly, just a few inches. There was just room enough to slide his hand through the open crack. He reached in

tumbled around for a moment, then with a "There!" He brought his hand back, straightened, and flung the door wide open.

Silas stepped in, turned on the switch, and the room flooded with light. Al jumped back with a choked cry.

He was looking straight into the muzzle of a shotgun!

Then it was that Al understood, and he got his breath back. This then was the "contraption" Silas Jones had referred to.

A smile twisted into Al's mouth again. He stepped forward, made a wide semi-circle around that shotgun, merely to impress Silas, while his face wore a mock expression of fear.

Silas had to cackle again. "That's m'burglar contraption," he confided. "And don't you go tellin' 'round what 'tis!"

If that wasn't just the sort of dumb trick a hick would pull, Al thought contemptuously, as he regarded that shotgun.

The gun was securely set in pegs in the wall, while the butt was about a foot and a half out from the wall. The muzzle was pointed directly to the door. A stout cord was knotted about the trigger, and ran through metal eyes to the butt, then forward to the wall, where a loop dangled. This loop evidently fitted over the knob of the door. With the loop in place, if the door should open, the string would tighten, until it pulled at the trigger, and discharge the gun.

Not bad, Al decided, but not so hot either. It was an ancient trick he had heard of, but never seen in use.

"Mighty clever idea," Al said to Silas, "but what about your windows? As I understand it, burglars are more apt to come in by a window, than by a door."

"No thief'll git inta mah windows!" Silas said emphatically. "Got me a 'lectrical invention rigged in every window in mah house. Should you as much touch yore hand up to the window, it'll send a charge of 'lectric through you which'll knock you

cold. It also starts the alarm workin', and I sleep with m'Winchester handy! No sir. This house is burglar proof!"

Al's eyes lidded, and danger lights fired their cores.

He quietly lifted the gun out of his pocket.

Jones turned in surprise; then his eyes fell on the gun Al held steadily in his hand.

Silas gave off a thin cry, and took a step forward. Al's hand squeezed tight over the gun. The gun sneezed hoarsely, spat fire.

Al looked down at the body of the dead man coldly. He absently lifted the gun to his lips, calmly blew down the barrel. He watched the river of blood grow out from under the dead man, saw it spread across the floor boards.

A sucker never deserves an even break, Al thought and slipped the gun back into his pocket. Then he turned around to look for the possible hiding place of the money. He was in no hurry. He'd rip the place apart, if need be.

In the next room he found an old-fashioned roll-top desk. In the bottom drawer he found the black suitcase. He took it out, put it on the desk, and snapped open the hinges.

With an upsurging lift of excitement, he beheld the mass of green bills. Hastily he shuffled through the money, roughly estimated that there must be close to fifty thousand dollars there! Unmarked bills! What a sweet little haul!

His eyes glittered feverishly as he snapped the bag shut. He lifted it from the desk, and went back into the living room.

He tipped his forehead with his fingers to Silas Jones.

"So long Sucker, and thanks a million!"

He crossed the living room, and came toward the door. His eyes fell on that "contraption" again and he chuckled, thinking how useless that thing had been for a smart guy like himself.

He regarded the shotgun that hung there looking stupidly ridiculous and foolishly proud.

What a same the thing had not worked. Farmer Jones had placed such complete faith in the thing too. And it had failed him. What a shame!

Failed, thought Al? And through his mind there came an idea for a practical use for it.

He would set that thing up again. Who would be the first to come through that door? A neighbor? Perhaps even . . . yes? The Sheriff! He'd come looking for the missing Silas Jones. What sweet irony, to think of the Sheriff with his top blown off. Perhaps, if he went back to town, he could get the Sheriff to come up here in some way. What a sweet welcoming committee!

He opened the door, stepped out on the porch, put down the suitcase, and went to work. He reached in, fumbled for the cord, found it, and hooked the loop very carefully around the door knob. This done, he slipped out his hand, and cautiously began to shut the door.

He did not wish to shut it entirely, for the next visitor to the Jones' house, must find the door slightly ajar, and not try to gain entrance to the house through the windows.

And just as he was doing that, he stiffened. Every muscle in his body wound up tight, while a chill passed through his body.

Close by he heard footsteps, the crunch of gravel under feet! He had been so preoccupied he had not stopped to listen. It had never occurred to him that someone would come so soon!

He spun around, and with a sharp stab of terror, saw that a man was coming toward him, already gaining the bottom of the steps. He instantly recognized the Sheriff, Lem Brown!

Panic-stricken, his eyes darted around for a means of escape. The sheriff now froze to a dead halt, for he had seen the crouching figure. His hand reached for his holster. It all so startled Al, that he inadvertently took one step back against the door. . . .

Archie Talks!

TUNE IN ON ARCHIE ANDREWS

ON BLUE NETWORK EVERY DAY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY. LISTEN TO THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS AND HIS GANG! ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION, IS A COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST!

• ON THE AIR •



HIYA GANG! I'M SOUPHEAD, JUGHEAD'S COUSIN, REMEMBER! HOW'S ABOUT WRITING TO ARCHIE AND TELLING HIM IF YOU WANT ME TO APPEAR WITH ARCHIE AND HIS GANG ON THE RADIO? ADDRESS AS FOLLOWS: ARCHIE ANDREWS, c/o STATION WJZ, NEW YORK, N. Y. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME OF PROGRAM OR ASK YOUR RADIO STATION.

ARCHIE ANDREWS APPEARS IN ARCHIE COMICS AND PEP COMICS!



Archie

the
JOCKEY
PART
2

ARCHIE AND JUGHEAD ARE WEEK-END-RIDERS AT THE LODGE ESTATE! IN THE LAST ISSUE, ARCHIE WAS MISTAKENLY THOUGHT TO BE AN EXPERT RIDER--AND MR. LODGE ASKED HIM TO JOCKEY ONE OF HIS HORSES IN AN IMPORTANT RACE! LET'S LOOK AT OUR EXPERT RIDER NOW!

RELAX,
ARCHIE,
RELAX!

JUGHEAD,
DO
SOMETHING!



GOSH, JUGHEAD,
I DON'T THINK
I'LL EVER BE-
COME A
RIDER!

YA GOT
T' HAVE
PATIENCE,
ARCH--
LET'S TRY
AGAIN!

HOW'S THIS,
JUG?
BUMPITY--
BUMP!

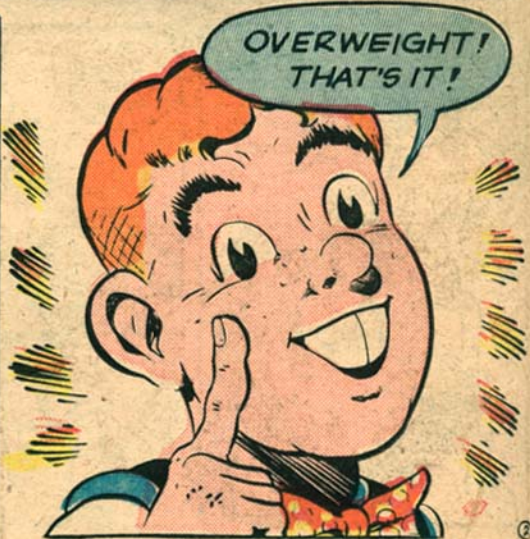
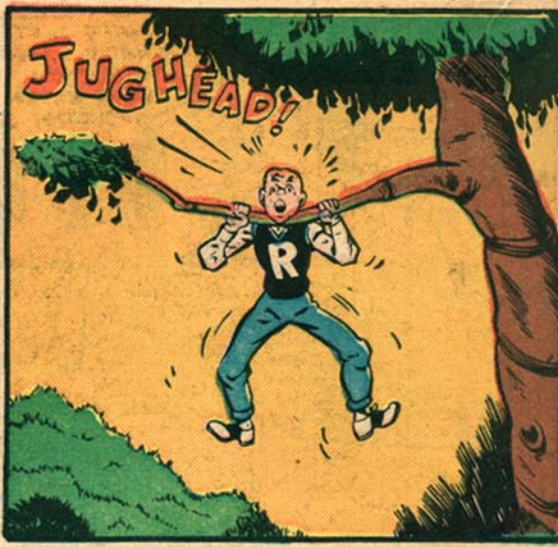
I WISH
HE'D PRAC-
TICE ON A
MERRY-GO-
ROUND!

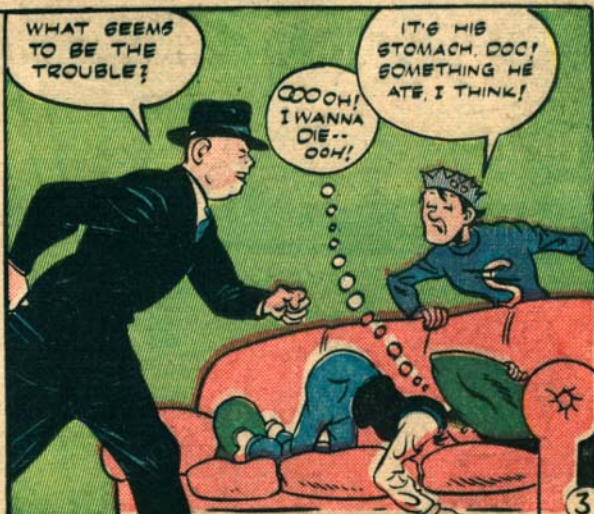
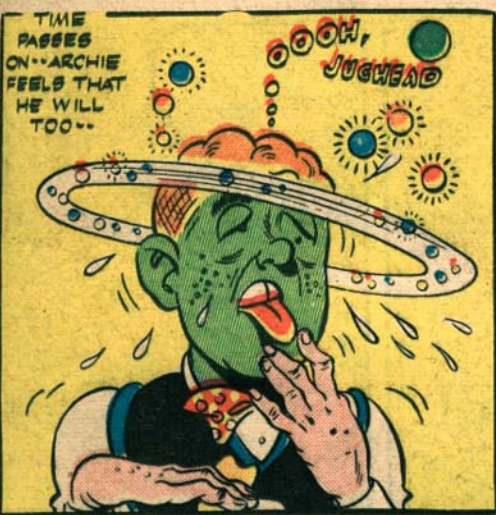
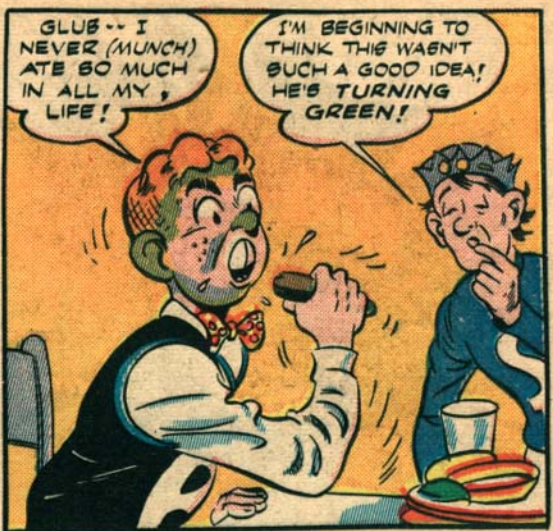
HEY, ARCH,
LOOK
OUT!

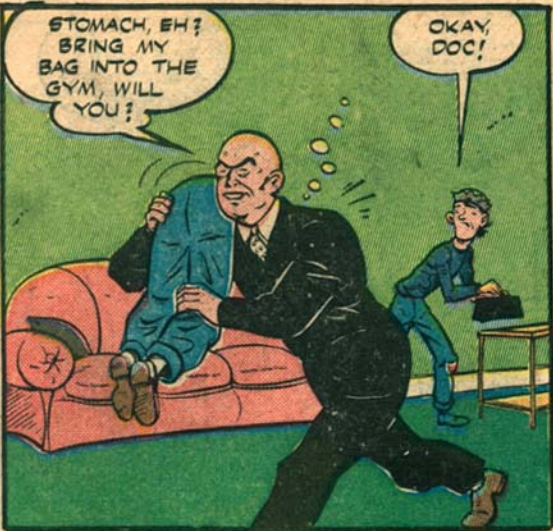
HUH?
WHAT?



BAM
ZOWIE ULP



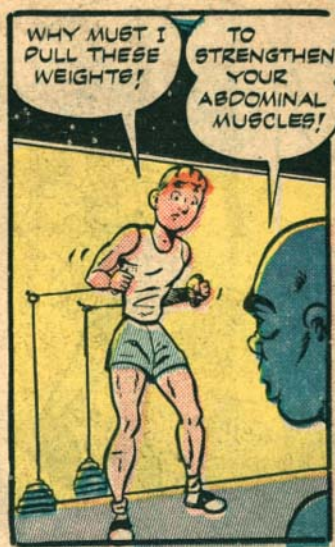






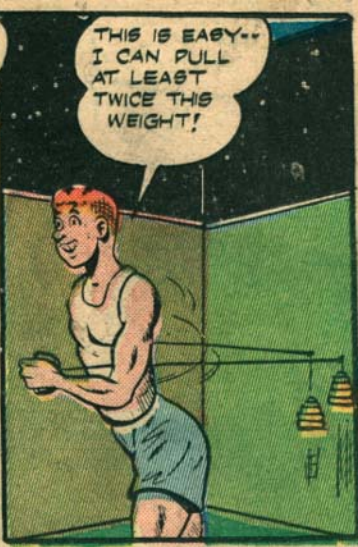
THERE--NOW DON'T YOU FEEL ONE HUNDRED PERCENT BETTER?

Y-Y-YEAH--

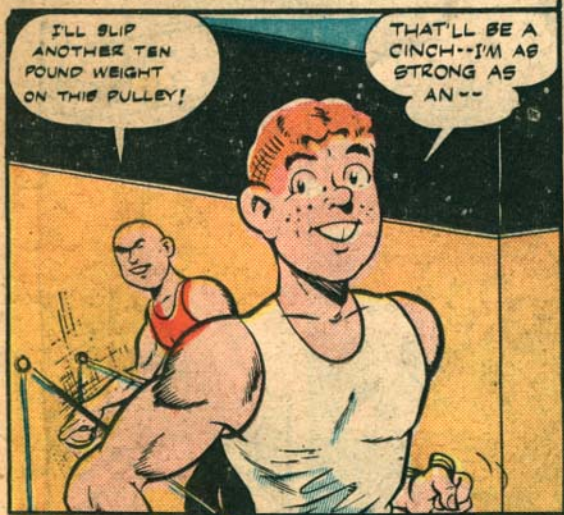


WHY MUST I PULL THESE WEIGHTS?

TO STRENGTHEN YOUR ABDOMINAL MUSCLES!



THIS IS EASY-- I CAN PULL AT LEAST TWICE THIS WEIGHT!



I'LL SLIP ANOTHER TEN POUND WEIGHT ON THIS PULLEY!

THAT'LL BE A CINCH--I'M AS STRONG AS AN--

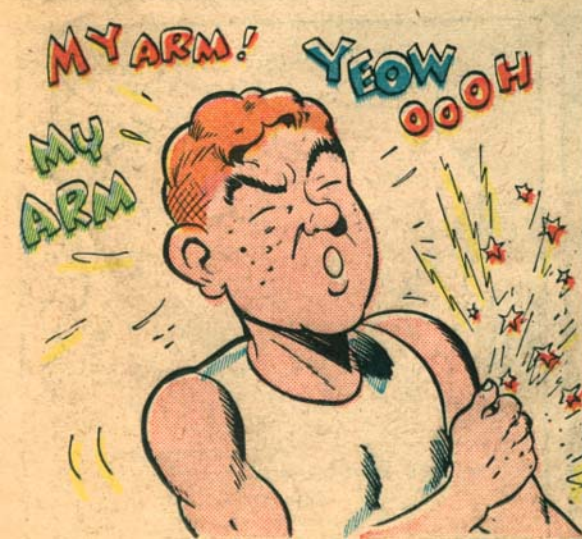


?

OX! ULP!

CRACK

BAM



MY ARM!

YEOW OOOH

MY ARM



TSK-TSK--IT'S JUST A BROKEN ARM--TSK-TSK--

A BROKEN ARM? ULP!



MARCO LOCO

Adventurer

THROUGH A GHASTLY ERROR MARCO LOCO FINDS HIMSELF SKIPPER OF THE GOLDEN HERRING! THE FORMER CAPTAIN, THE VILLAINOUS CHRISTOPHER PLOPP, HAVING JUST BEEN SHANGHAIED ON TO A SLAVE SHIP BY HIS MUTINIOUS CREW!

By
CARL HUBBELL

WHILE THE CREW PONDERS THE PROBLEM OF DISPOSING OF MARCO----

---THE LOOKOUT MAKES A DISCOVERY!

LET'S HANG HIM FROM THE YARD ARM!

NAW, LET'S TORTURE HIM TO DEATH!

AW HECK! LET'S JUST THROW HIM OVER THE SIDE!

SHIP TO TH' NOR' BY EAST NOR' EAST, BY EAST BY NORTH----
--I THINK!



MARCO ARRIVES IN THE MIST OF THE CONFERENCE



HI, FELLAS IS THIS A PRIVATE CHAT?

PSST-- HERE HE COMES NOW!

LISTEN YOU! WE GOT RID OF PLOFF BECAUSE WE DIDN'T LIKE HIS FACE! WE DON'T LIKE YOURS!



PIRATE CRAFT ON THE PORT BOW!

IN FACT, WE THINK IT'S THE WORST FACE WE EVER SA-----



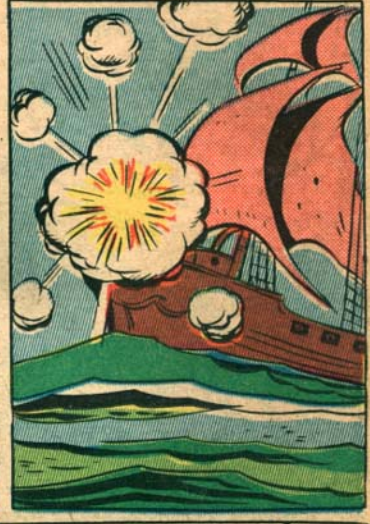
PIRATES?



YEAH! THEY'RE (GULP) PIRATES, ALL RIGHT! FIRE A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW!

GEE!

THE GOLDEN HERRING OPENS FIRE!



AND ABOARD THE PIRATE VESSEL--



HOLD FIRE LADS! RUN UP THE WHITE FLAG! HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!



LOOK! THEY GIVE UP! THERE'S THE WHITE FLAG! WE WIN LET'S PULL ALONGSIDE!

GOODY!



THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH! THROW OVER GRAPPLING AND HOP ABOARD!

THE PIRATES SWARM ONTO THE GOLDEN HERRING---

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!
WHY, THOSE BIG LIARS!



CRASH!
BOP!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP WE FIND MARCO LOCO....

NOISY IENT IT?



ODD'S BLUD!
THAT IT IS, FRIEND! BUT WHO ARE YOU?

I AM SNOOCH THE COOK! COME MARCO, I LIKE YOU! LET US FIND A MORE SECLUDED PLACE WERE WE CAN TALK!

HUH? WHERE?



ON THE PIRATE SHIP!

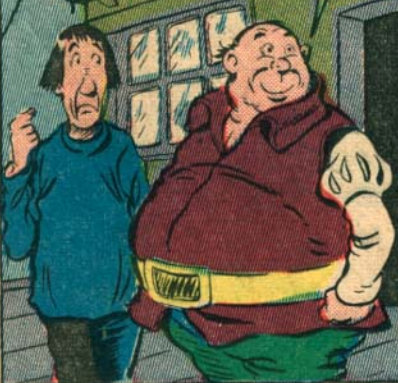
UHP!

TUT-TUT IT'S QUITE DESERTED!



MARCO AND SNOOCH CLIMB ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP--

DID YOU KNOW OUR CREW IS PLANNING TO KILL YOU?
SO I HEAR! --SAY, THIS IS A NICE TUB! I WONDER WHERE THE KITCHEN IS?



MAYBE IT'S DOWN HERE! I FEEL HUNGRY!

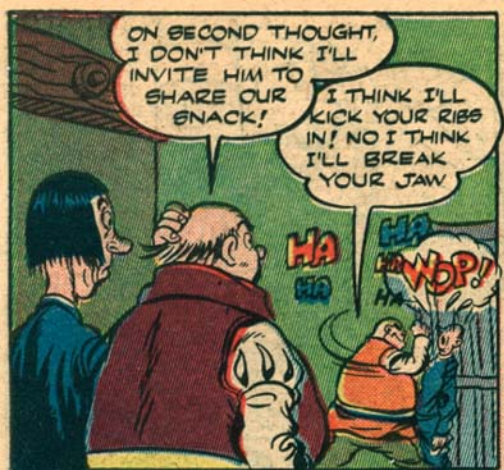


HERE'S SOMEBODY, MAYBE HE'D LIKE A BITE WITH US!

HO-HUM!

HMMM--I THINK I'LL GO AND TAUNT THE PRISONERS!





MARCO RELEASES THE PRISONERS!



YOU'RE ALL FREE NOW, YOU POOR DEVILS!

BLESS YOU MY BOY!

IF WE ARE TO ESCAPE ALIVE, WE MUST FIGHT TOGETHER! HOW ABOUT IT? WILL YOU ALL SAIL WITH ME?



SURE!

WHY NOT?

THAT'S THE STUFF! LET'S GO ON DECK AND SEE ABOUT GETTING OUT OF HERE!

YEP!

YEAH!



RIGHT!

LET'S GO!



WHERE'S THAT FAT SO AND SO? I'LL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!



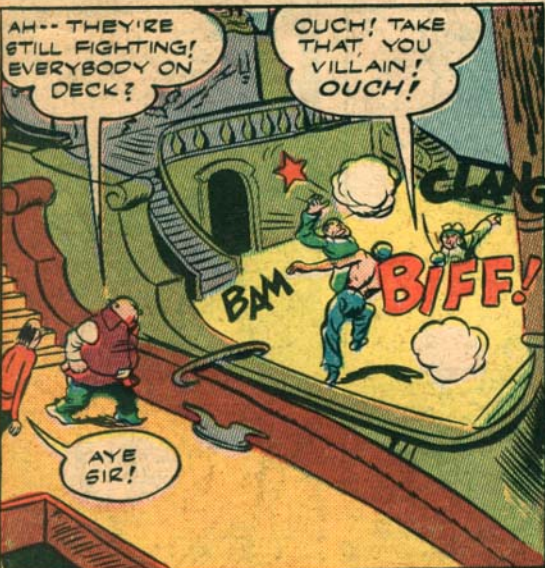
I THOUGHT I PUT YOU TO SLEEP ON MY WAY IN!

AW--- WHAT'S THE USE?



AH-- THEY'RE STILL FIGHTING! EVERYBODY ON DECK?

OUCH! TAKE THAT, YOU VILLAIN! OUCH!

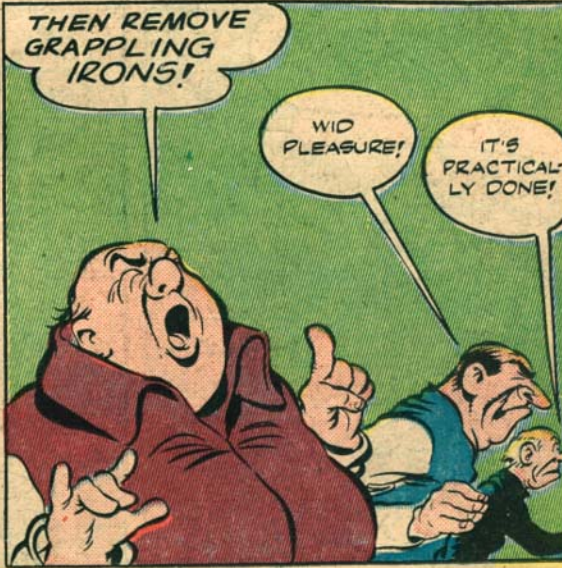


AYE SIR!

THEN REMOVE GRAPPLING IRONS!

WID PLEASURE!

IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!



HANGING OVER THE RAIL OF THE "GOLDEN HERRING" SMOOCH IS OCCUPIED-----


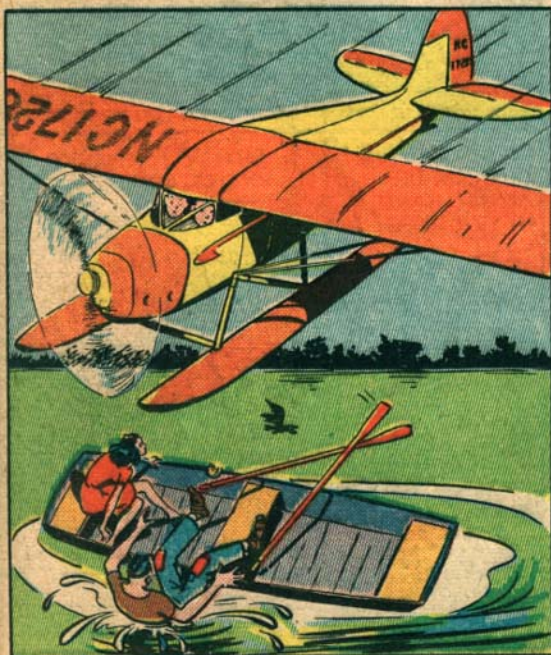


Cattfish Joe



LOOK, JOE!
THAT AIRPLANE
IS A-COMIN'
RIGHT AT US!

By LARRY HARRIS



SORRY I SCARED YOU!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME
REPAIRS AND LANDED
NEAR SO YOU COULD
HELP ME TIE UP!

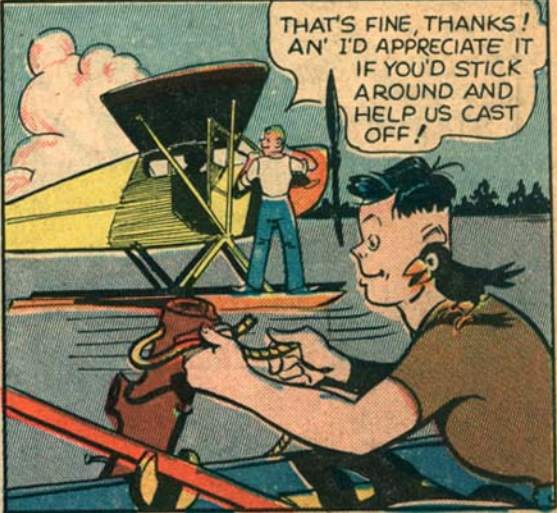
WE WARTN SCAIRT,
MISTER! I ALWAYS GO
FER A SWIM 'BOUT THIS
TIME O' DAY!

WILL YOU TAKE THIS ROPE AND TIE US UP TO THAT STAKE?

YO BET, MISTER, CHUCK ER OUT!



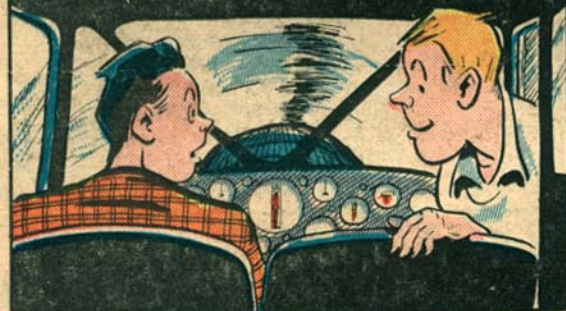
THAT'S FINE, THANKS! AN' I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D STICK AROUND AND HELP US CAST OFF!



LATER

SHE SOUNDS ALL RIGHT NOW! WE'D BETTER GET GOING!

WE'LL LET THE BOY KEEP THE ROPE FOR HELPING US! THESE RIVER FOLKS CAN ALWAYS USE AN EXTRA BIT OF ROPE!



YOU CAN CAST HER OFF, NOW, AN' KEEP THE ROPE FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

TH' ENGINE MAKES SO MUCH NOISE I CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE SAYS BUT I RECKON HE'S READY T' GIT UNTIED!



I'LL JES' HOOK THE END O' TH' ROPE IN MY BELT SO I WON'T DROP IT OVERBOARD!



OKAY MISTER! OPEN 'ER UP AN' I'LL HAND IN YER ROPE!

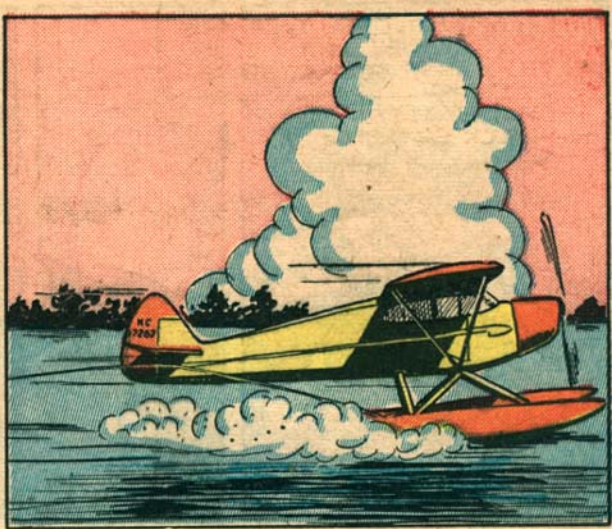
OKAY? THANKS, SON, SO'LONG!





LOOK OUT, JOE! HE'S A-STARTIN'!

O-O-O-O-F!



WHEW! I THOUGHT FER A MINUTE WE WEREN'T GONNA GET OFF! I'LL SURE HAVE TO GET THIS ENGINE CHECKED OVER!



HE ALWAYS DID WANTA GO ARYPLANE RIDIN' BUT AT LEAST HE MIGHTA LEFT ME TH' OARS!



LOOKS LIKE PRETTY SOUPY WEATHER AHEAD STEVE!

YES! AND THIS SHIP IS STILL ACTING AWFULLY SLUGGISH!



HANG ON, OL' CROW! DON'T SPECT YO 'D KEEP UP FER LONG IF YO LOST YORE GRIP!



JEEPERS! NEITHER COULD I! SHORE HOPE THIS OL' BELT HOLDS OUT!



THERE'S THE MURKY MOUNTAINS AHEAD! THINK SHE'LL CLEAR THEM RIDGES?

I DUNNO! CAN'T FIGGER OUT WHAT AILS TH' OLD CRATE!

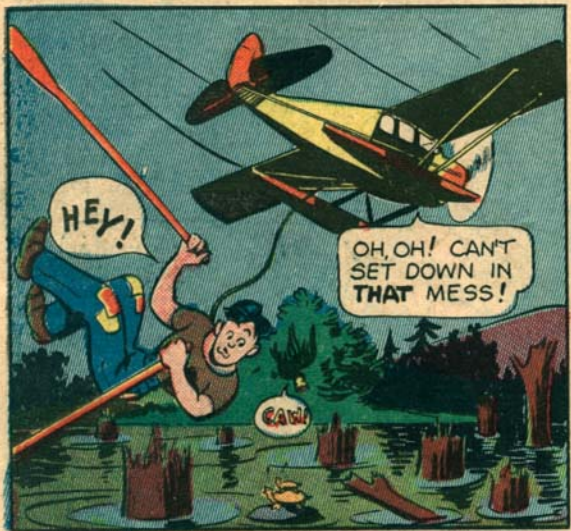


THIS ARYPLANE RIDIN' IS MIGHTY PLEASANT! -CEPTIN' THEY'S ONE THING KEEPS A'BOTHERIN' ME SOMEWHAT--



THERE'S A LAKE! I'M GONNA LAND AN' HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT TH' MOTOR!

I KEEP WONDERIN' WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME WHEN THEY LAND!



HEY!

OH, OH! CAN'T SET DOWN IN THAT MESS!



HANG ON THAR OL' CROW! SORRY I BUMPED YO OFF BACK YONDER!



WE'RE GONNA SHAVE TH' TOP OF THAT MOUNTAIN PRETTY DURR CLOSE!

YEAH! AN' LOOK AT TH' CLOUDS WE'RE HEADIN' INTO!

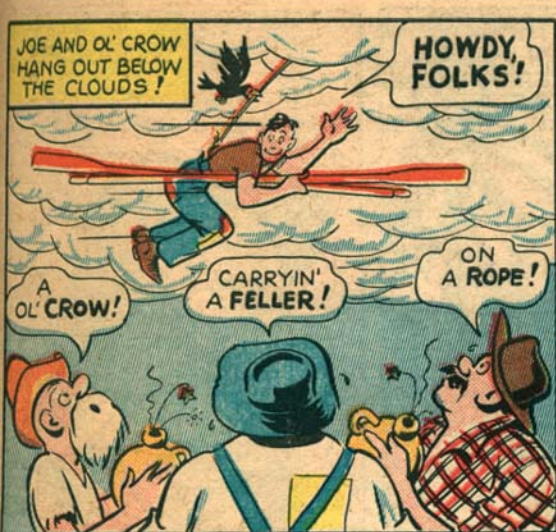


ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN--

YESSIR! ZEB MAKES TH' BEST LIKKER THAT EVER BURNED TH' CORK OUTTA A JUG!

YO BET! (GLUB GLUB)

I'M MIGHTY PROUDT' HEAR YO SAY IT!





YER ON BUNGSNORT MOUNTAIN NEAR TH' TOWN OF BUNGSNORT KAINLUCKY! I'M OL' COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S CARETAKER AN' I RECKON YORE JES' TH' MAN I BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER!

HOW COME YO BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER ME?



WELL YO SEE I GOT A SPELL O' ROOMATIZ THAT'S BEEN A-KEEPIN' ME FROM TAKIN' PROPER CARE O' TH' OL' COLONEL!



AN' NOW THEY'S A PINE TREE A-GROWIN' ON HIS NOSE WHICH I'D LIKE FER YO T' CLIMB OUT AN' CHOP IT OFF!



A PINE TREE ON HIS NOSE! (OH OH! TH' OL' COOT'S CRAZY AS A WATER BUG! RECKON I'D BETTER NOT GIT HIM STIRRED UP!)

CAW-HA!



WHY SHORE, MISTER! WHERE IS TH' OL' GENT? I'D BE GLAD T' CHOP TH' PINE TREE OFFEN HIS NOSE!

YO, WILL!?

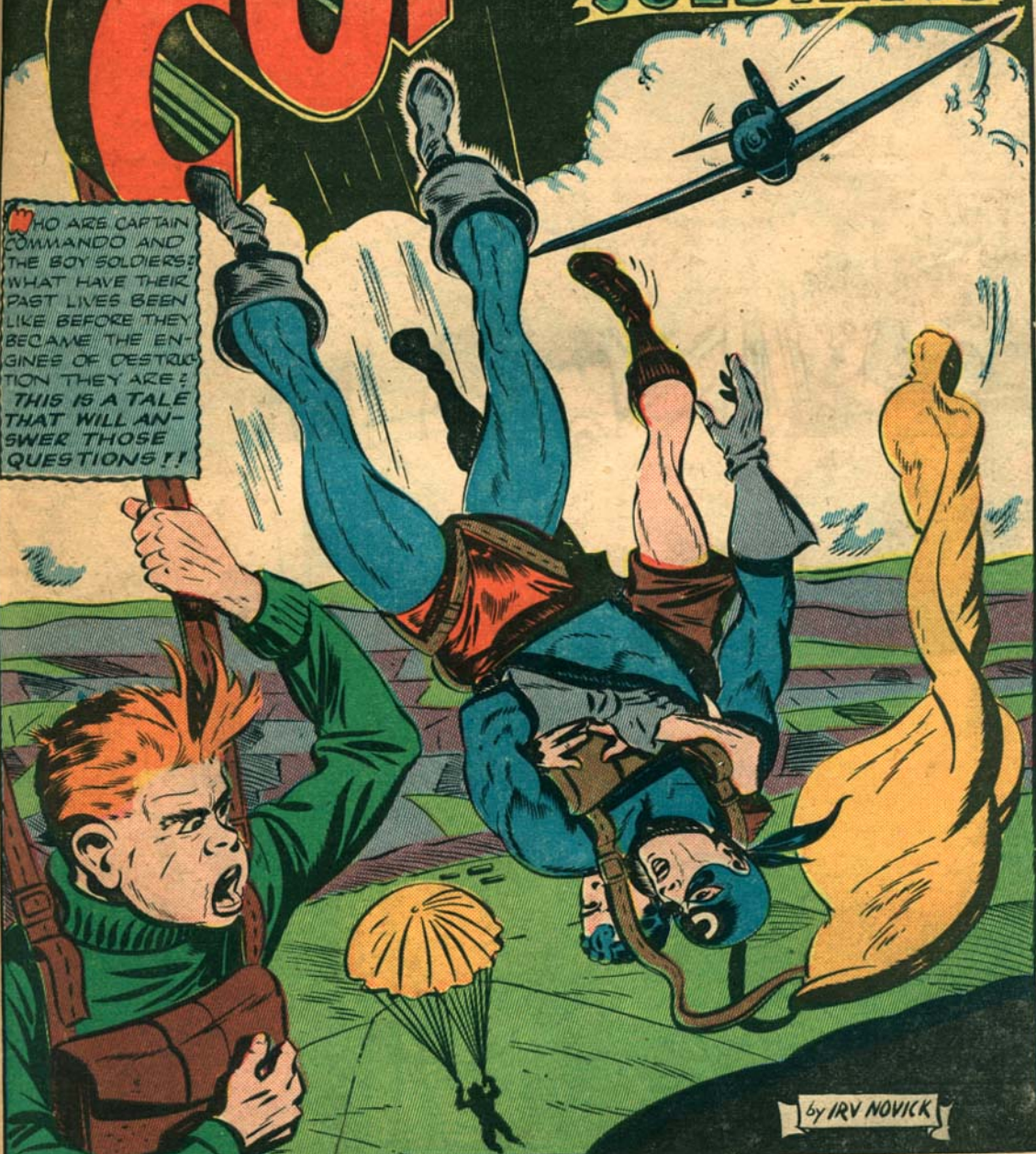


GOSH, THANKS, SON! YORE A-STANDIN' RIGHT ON TOP O' COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S HAID!

LOOKS LIKE JOE'S IN FOR A REAL JOB! SEE NEXT MONTH'S PEP FOR THIS UNUSUAL ADVENTURE!

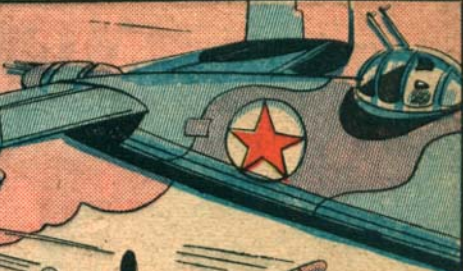
CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS

WHO ARE CAPTAIN
COMMANDO AND
THE BOY SOLDIERS?
WHAT HAVE THEIR
PAST LIVES BEEN
LIKE BEFORE THEY
BECAME THE EN-
GINES OF DESTRUC-
TION THEY ARE?
THIS IS A TALE
THAT WILL AN-
SWER THOSE
QUESTIONS!!



by IRV NOVICK

AS OUR STORY OPENS, A COMMANDO UNIT IS BEING TRANSPORTED TO ENEMY SOIL ON A MISSION HAZARDOUS AS ANY THEY HAVE EVER UNDERTAKEN!



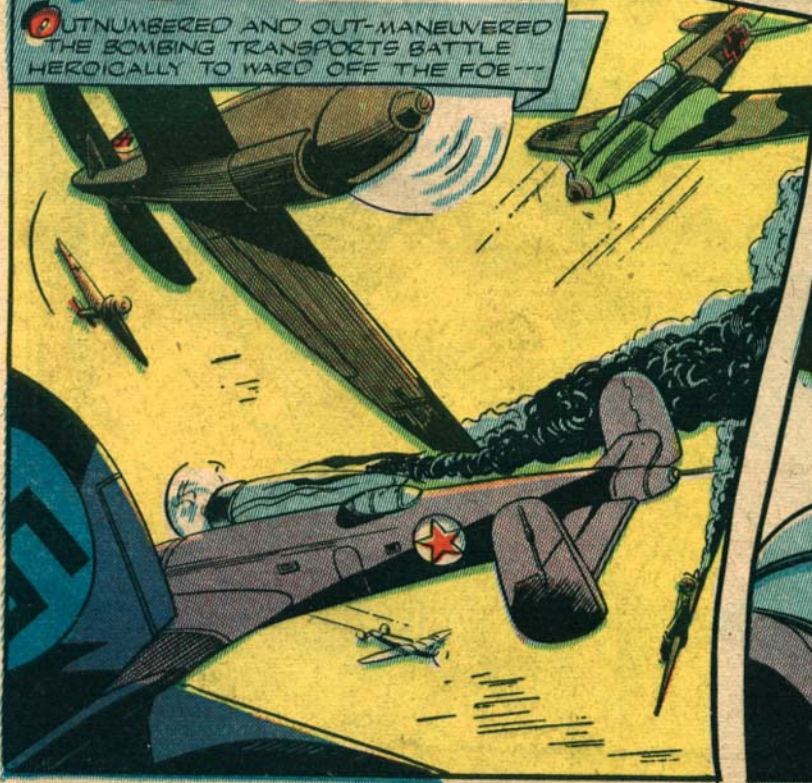
NOW REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS WHEN WE 'CHUTE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!



WOW! CAP, LOOK! A FLOCK OF NAZI FIGHTER PLANES!



OUTNUMBERED AND OUT-MANEUVORED THE BOMBING TRANSPORTS BATTLE HEROICALLY TO WARD OFF THE FOE---



CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S SHIP IS HIT BY A BURST OF CANNONFIRE FROM A MESSERSCHMITT---

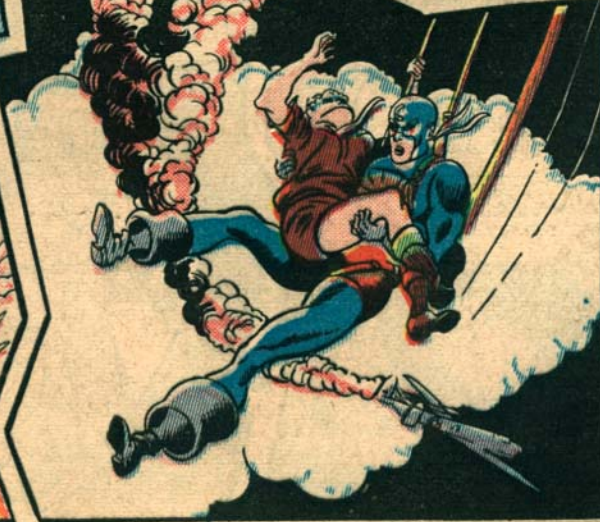
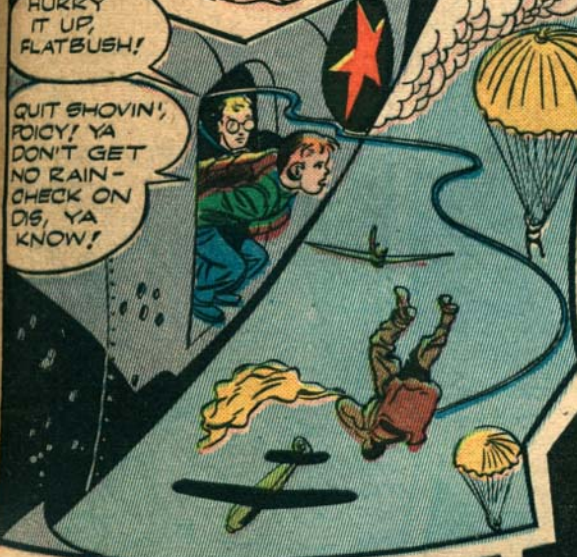
WE'RE ON FIRE!
BAIL OUT!

HURRY IT UP, FLATBUSH!

QUIT SHOVIN', FOICY! YA DON'T GET NO RAIN-CHECK ON DIS, YA KNOW!

JUST AS BILLY PREPARES TO JUMP NAZI BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK IN HIS CHUTE!

OFF WITH IT! QUICK, LAD! YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO DOUBLE UP!



LOOK, HANS!
CLAY
DUCKS!

JA! I T'INK VE
PLAY MIT DEM
A VHILE BEFORE
VE SHOOT DEM
DOWN!



THE BEASTLY
COWARDS!
THEY'RE GO-
ING TO
'GUN US!

IT'S
COLD
BLOOD-
ED
MOID-
ER!



AND IN
THE BRIEF MOMENT
LEFT TO HIM, CAP-
TAIN COMMANDO'S
MIND RACES INTO
THE PAST!

AND HE RELIVES AN EP-
ISODE IN HIS LIFE--AN EPISODE
ETCHED INDELIBLY IN HIS BRAIN!

THIS LOOKS
LIKE THE FIN-
ISH! WE HAVEN'T
GOT A CHANCE!



DAD! LOOKS
LIKE OUR
COUNTRY'S
HEADED
FOR THE
WAR!

NO USE WORRY-
ING ABOUT IT,
BILLY! IT'S NO
CONCERN OF
MINE!



MY TAILOR GIVES
ME ENOUGH
TROUBLE, CON-
FOUND HIM! I
DISTINCTLY TOLD
HIM I WANTED
NO PADDING ON
THE SHOULDER!

MY OWN SON,
ASHAMED OF ME! THINKS
I'M AN EMPTY-HEADED
PLAYBOY! IF ONLY I
COULD TELL HIM
THE TRUTH!

I TELL YOU, OLD
MAN, YOU CHAPS
ARE NEXT ON
THAT, BLIGHTER,
HITLER'S LIST!

YES! I SUPPOSE
THAT IS MORE IM-
PORTANT, DAD!



NONSENSE!
WE AMERICANS
ARE TOO
FAR AWAY!



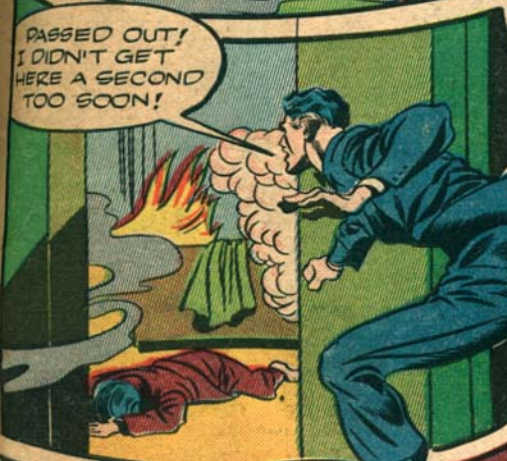
COMPLACENCY! THAT'S OUR GREATEST FOE! (SNIFF, SNIFF) WHAT'S THAT? SMELLS LIKE SMOKE!



A FIRE! AND BILLY IS UPSTAIRS! HE'LL BE TRAPPED!



PASSED OUT! I DIDN'T GET HERE A SECOND TOO SOON!



MY SON! MY SON! IF ONLY I COULD TELL YOU I'M A SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE FOR THE U. S. GOVERNMENT!

IF ONLY I COULD-- WHA-- WHAT AM I SAYING-- I-- I MUST HAVE BEEN DAY-DREAMING!



DON'T WORRY, DAD! YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING I DIDN'T KNOW!



YOU SEE! I WASN'T COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS THAT NIGHT-- AND I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID!

YOU-- YOU MEAN YOU NEVER WERE ASHAMED OF ME!



ASHAMED! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW PROUD I'VE BEEN OF THE SWELLEST, BRAVEST FATHER IN THE WHOLE WORLD! AND HOW PROUD I AM TO DIE WITH YOU THIS WAY!

ON THAT SAME BRIEF MOMENT PERCY'S THOUGHTS ARE ALSO WINGS SOARING INTO THE PAST!



YOU AWWW ME WOT I THINKS, MASTER PERCIVAL? I THINK YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST LAD IN ALL ENGLAND, BLIMEY!

I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT, THORNDYKE! AFTER ALL I AM THE SON OF THE EARL OF LOTHAR, RICHEST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!

BUT I'D TRADE IT ALL FOR--THORNDYKE, STOP THE CAR!

I SAY THERE, OLD MAN! THAT'S A RATHER SMALLISH CHAP YOU'RE HITTING!

AND WHO'S THE BLOKE WOT'S GONNA STOP ME!



MAYBE YOU, YA BLEEDIN' TOFF!

I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED!



BLAM

GORBLIMEY! Y'KNOCKED THE BLOMIN' STINKER OUT!

AND HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL, PERCIVAL?

SPLENDID, PATER! I HAD A MOST ROUSING FISTICUFF ENGAGEMENT!



VERY NICE! I--UH--
SPLAT-- DID YOU
SAY YOU WERE
FIGHTING?

WHY YES-- AND A
DEUCED GOOD LESSON
I TAUGHT THAT
BULLY, TOO! IT
WAS A HIGHLY
ENJOYABLE
EXPERIENCE!

NOW SEE HERE,
PERCIVAL, I
WON'T HAVE
YOU BRAWLING
LIKE A COMMON
STREET LOU,
DASH IT!

BUT--
BUT--
PATER!

WHERE IS YOUR BREEDING? WE
LOTHARS JUST **DON'T** DO THAT
SORT OF THING!
FIGHTING!
UGH!

YOUR
LORDSHIP,
LOOK!

MY
WORD!

**WAR
DECLARED**

HOW BEASTLY!
HOWEVER I DON'T
SUPPOSE THERE'S
ANYTHING **YOU**
COULD DO ABOUT IT!
FIGHTING'S NOT THE
LOTHAR TRADITION,
IS IT?

I--UH-- DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
THAT!

BUT-- BUT
YOU JUST
SAID--

NEVER MIND
WHAT I JUST SAID! THIS
IS DIFFERENT! I'M ENLIGH-
TING RIGHT NOW! YOU'LL
HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THINGS
M'LAD!

THE HUNG GOT TO YOU
PATER! JUST AS THEY'RE
GOING TO GET TO ME! BUT
WE LOTHARS **ARE** FIGHTERS
AFTER ALL, AREN'T WE?

AND ARMAND--

AU REVOIR
MES COMRADES!
I'VE DONE MY
SMALL PART
AGAINST ZE BOCHE
AS I VOWED I
WOULD THAT
DAY EEN SCHOOL!



...EET WAS IN PROFESSEUR BERGERET'S HISTORY CLASS! LA BELLE FRANCE HAD ALREADY FALLEN! THAT DAY THE DOOR OPENED AND ---



HEIL, HITLER!

I AM DER NEW MINISTER FOR EDUCATION! YOU MAY PROCEED MIT DER LESSON-- PRETEND DOT I AM NOT IN DER ROOM-- PROCEED!



OUI! AS YOU WISH!

IN 1939 FRANCE WAS AGAIN, AS IN 1914 INVADED BY THE GERMANS!



SHTOP! SHTOP! LIES--ALL LIES!

GERMANY NEFFER INVADES! VE ONLY ENTERED TO PROTECT YOU FROM DER BOLSHEVIKS UND DER PLUTO-CRATS! HERR BERGERET IT IS EASY TO SEE THAT YOU ARE A BAD INFLUENCE ON DESE CHILDREN! THE GESTAPO KNOWS HOW TO DEAL MIT YOU!



MY FATHER DECIDED TO DIE FIGHTING RATHER THAN BE A NAZI SLAVE! ONE NIGHT, TOGETHER WITH SOME OF OUR VILLAGERS, WE QUIETLY RIGGED UP A BOAT UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF THE BOCHE!



ALMOST AT THE LAST SECOND WE WERE DISCOVERED---

SET SAIL, COMRADES! I WEEEL TAKE CARE OF THESE BEASTS!



NO NO ARMAND! WE CANNOT TURN BACK! YOUR FATHER IS GIVING HIS LIFE SO THAT WE MAY LIVE AND FIGHT FOR FRANCE!



AND NOW I GIVE MY LIFE, PAPA, SO THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE AND FIGHT FOR OUR BELOVED COUNTRY! VIVE LA FRANCE!



HA, HA, I HAFF NEFFER HAD SO MUCH FUN! DEY ARE ALL DYING A TOUGAND DEATHS VHILE I PLAY MIT DEM, NOW I SEND A FEW BURSTS ALL AROUND DEM BEFORE I FINISH DEM OFF!



DE DOITY BUM IS TORTURING US! HE'S WOISE DEN DAT. GIANT FAN WHO WUZ SITTING NEXT TO ME IN DAT CROOSHUL SERIES BACK IN DEAR OLD FLATBUSH!



C'MON, PETE! KNOCK DE APPLE OUTTA DE PARK!



PHOOEY! DON'T WASTE NO TIME WID DAT BUM, CARL! GIVE 'IM DE WHIFF!

LOOK, GOON! YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT PETE REISER DE BEST SLUGGER IN DE NATIONAL LEAGUE, SEE!

IZZASO! DAT BUM COULDN'T HIT A PING PONG BALL WID A TENNIS RACKET! NOW YOU TAKE MEL OTT--

YOU TAKE HIM, YA LUG!



GO TO EBBET'S FIELD-- A COUPLE OF KIDS HAVE STARTED A RIOT! PULL THEM IN!



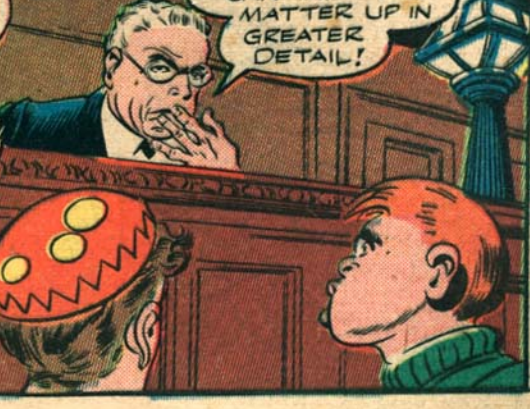
THE CULPRITS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE JUDGE---

DIS GUY'S A DOITY GIANT FAN, YER HONOR! A TRAITOR TO FLATBUSH!

YEAH! AN' I STILL SAY REISER COULDN'T CARRY OTT'S BAT, SEE!

YOU'RE NUTS! REISER'S HITTING 342-- ER--AH-- I MEAN, YOU LADS WAIT IN MY CHAMBER WHERE I--HARRUMPH-- CAN TAKE THIS MATTER UP IN GREATER DETAIL!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GENTLEMEN?



OKAY! SO REISER'S BATTIN' BETTER DAN OTT-- SO WHAT ABOUT FITCHIN'? WHOVE DOSE BUMS GOT WHO KIN TOUCH HUBBEL?

HUBBEL, HUH? WHY HUBBEL NEVER SAW DE DAY HE COULD TOUCH WYATT'S SPEED!

I GOT DE BALL RIGHT HERE IN ME POCKET WYATT FANNED T'REE GIANTS IN A ROW WIT!

STILL ABSORBED IN HIS REMINISCENSES FLATBUSH REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND COMES UP WITH A GRENADE--

ONLY ONE CRAZY CHANCE IN A MILLION, BUT FLATBUSH TAKES IT-- HEAVES THE GRENADE--AND--

THE NAZIS HAVE WAITED TOO LONG! SPITFIRES RETURNING FROM A DAYS WORK, SIGHT THE NAZIS-- AND ATTACK



AND THE COMMANDOS SNATCHED FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH FLOAT TO SAFETY!

FLATBUSH-- THAT WAS BRILLIANT HEADWORK! THAT GRENADE STALLED THE NAZIS JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE OUR LIVES-- WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER, FLATBUSH?

IT WUZN'T WYATT WHO FANNED T'REE GIANTS IT WUZ HUBBEL WHO WHIFFED T'REE DODGERS! BUT BROOKLYN COPPED DE PENNANT DAT YEAR, SO I GUESS IT'S OKAY!

AW-- I WUZ JUST THINKIN', CAP--

OW!



GET THIS BOMBER AND SECRET BOMB-SIGHT

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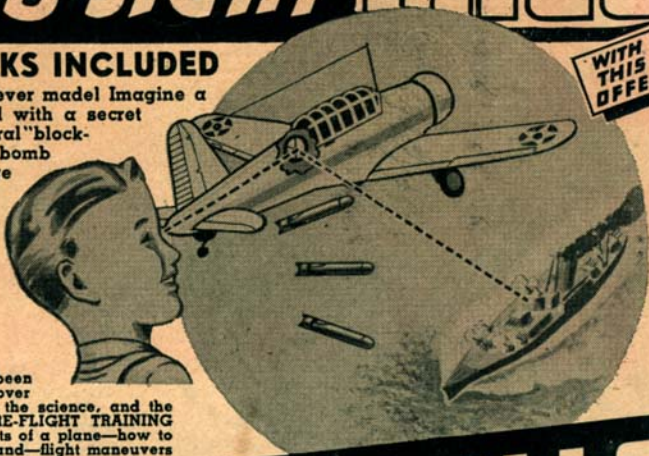
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